

Him who salvation did  
brought in raptures our  
all ring, precious Redeemer!  
Adjutant —

Salvation.

R.J. 25 : Sav, weighty,  
Eden, R.J. 325.  
us have the sinners die?  
He then on yonder  
strange expiring cry?  
Prays for you and me—  
Father, oh, forgive;  
that by Me they live?"  
Bleeding Lamb.  
y painful agony,  
t's grief and shame,  
passion on the tree,  
both and life.— I pray,  
all my sins away.

Thy bleeding feet,  
and wash them with my  
ly love repeat  
ing sinners ears,  
our the quickening sound,  
have mercy found.

to Judgment.

ill the harvest be? (R.J.  
388.)  
Igomen, not fit to live,  
Life's account to give;  
but I must sure by go  
in God's book to show;  
the judgment be?

Chorus.

ent with salvation light,  
nt for not doing right;  
ntence, "Depart from  
the judgment be.  
ot salvation seek? 2  
not hear conscience  
lents and time I waste?  
vny days of grace? 7  
ot take up my cross?  
my soul is lost?  
n the burning flame?  
e but myself to blame.

Spirit will strive no  
Master has shut the  
crying, "Too late! too  
ruction must seal my

D FRIENDS OF THE  
I'S SOCIAL.

will deeply appreciate any gift of  
it suitable hours for the benefit of  
it should be addressed (perpend) to  
Children's Aid Society, Toronto,  
Yonge St., Toronto.  
Children's Aid Society, Toronto,  
Ellesmere Ave., London, Ont.  
Montreal, P.Q.  
L. Winnipeg, Man.  
St. John's, Nfld.  
Montreal, P.Q.  
Hamilton, Ont.  
West Copper St., Water, Mass.  
Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.  
man's Haven, St. M. N.Y.

17th Year, No. 15.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1901.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

## Do Not Pawn Your Conscience.

The story is told of a young wife who  
received, at the death of her mother, as  
a special heirloom, an old, large, clasped  
family Bible.

"I know, my daughter, your husband  
is not religious, and your love of God  
has grown cold under his influence, but  
treasure this volume for my sake. When  
the dark days of trial come, I advise  
you to turn to the Word of God for  
comfort, and you shall find consolation  
and aid."

The mother died. The young wife

went into the gayest of society with her  
husband, who was a vivacious, reckless  
man, bent upon pleasure and diversion  
only, not taking life seriously.

One day the crash came. Mother's  
legacy had been spent, and the husband's  
business, without the watchful eye of  
the master, left to drift, went into  
bankruptcy. It was a bitter awakening.  
The couple kept up appearances for a  
while, but when the husband's endeavor  
to find the means of earning a livelihood  
met with ill success, since he was  
little fit for earnest and hard work, the  
household furniture went, piece by piece,  
to the pawn-shop, to furnish means of  
support to the family.

At last the day came when only her  
wedding-ring was left to go to the pawn-

shop. It was a hard pull, but the baby's  
wail for food made her offer it.

When that money was spent, she knew  
of no other resource. In her extremity  
she fell upon her knees, and prayed to  
the God she had forgotten all those  
years. While praying she remembered  
her mother's big, old Bible, and with  
some difficulty opened the rusted old-  
fashioned lock. She had not turned  
many leaves when she discovered a  
hundred-pound note between its pages.  
A careful search revealed several more,  
the total amounting to several thousand  
pounds.

The starving couple fell upon their  
knees and promised God the remainder  
of their lives. With the money they  
started in a business which supported

them, and they served God faithfully.

The lesson of this story is plain. In  
this world we may find amusement, and  
passing enjoyment, but no consolation  
and aid in the extremity of our needs.  
Many a man or woman pawn their  
virtue, honor, truthfulness, and  
conscience in the devil's pawn-shop, to obtain  
a spiritual livelihood, and only get  
fleeting satisfaction, which leaves a  
greater and keener remorse. All the  
time there are treasures in the Word of  
God, the shoddy Bible, precious promises  
that will bring freedom and the bread  
of life to the starving soul.

Are you starving, reader? There is  
bread enough and to spare in my Fa-  
ther's house. Come to Him, and you will  
receive pardon, peace, and life eternal.



**"Behold, I Make  
All Things New."**

A LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was nearly midnight when the farmer's wife rose from her work, and, folding the last little garment, gazed wearily through the curtainless window to where the snow lay, cold and silent, under the moonbeams.

The farm-house was very still, for all save the mother had been sleeping for hours. "But my work is never done," she murmured. "Never, never done! Whether it is summer or winter, each day brings its endless round of work. New Year, indeed!" and she laughed almost bitterly, "to me the new year will be as the old one, only possibly worse."

Then, as midnight was striking from the old-fashioned eight-day clock, it seemed to the farmer's wife as if the moonbeams falling upon the wooden floor took shape of the spirit of the New Year.

"I have come," the spirit seemed rather to breathe than to say, so light it seemed and so transparent, "to bring thee a New Year's gift; which shall make new all things around thee."

The woman listened, a look of he-widened joy on her face.

"What!—will the house, old and inconvenient as it is, be changed? I have so often wished—"

"The house will remain unaltered," said the spirit in reply.

"The farm then? Ah, if it was but nearer the town, and if the fields were only—"

"No, the farm will not change."

"Then it's my husband? If only he were different, now—less moody and silent, if he showed me more consideration and—"

"No, the change will not be in the farmer."

The woman looked still more puzzled.

"The children?" she questioned. "They need altering indeed!" "The servants?" "The neighbors?" And at last, in despair: "You only mock me, now, if all these burdens and cares and worries remain, how can my life be made new? It is impossible!"

But the spirit of the New Year was positive.

"It will change all, it will make all things new. My New Year's gift to thee." And even as it spoke a cloud passed across the moonbeam, and the room was dark and cheerless, except for a spark on the great hearth.

"A foolish dream!" said the farmer's wife to herself. "An overdone, tired out with work and worry, or such ideas would never have come to me."

And she turned from the window and went to her room.

Now, the legend tells us that in the early morning, long before the dawn, and before even the milkmaid or the yard-boy was stirring, the spirit of the New Year came to the farmer's wife, and gave her its promised New Year's gift—two new eyes. Eyes that would see the bright and not the dark, the good and not the bad.

The farmer was already at work when the mother came down that New Year's morning, and the children were seated round the oaken table busy with their porridge.

She looked at them. The moonlight dream of the night before had gone altogether from her mind; she thought she had never seen them look so well. Strong and healthy and happy, her eyes shone with healthiness and joy as she came towards them.

It was a look the children had seldom seen on her face before, and they welcomed it eagerly. "A happy New Year to you, mother!" they shouted, crowding round her, and she bent to kiss them, feeling: "They are more to me than all the riches of the world!"

She sat down, and looked around. It was a nice room, this old kitchen. Strange that she had never noticed to her how convenient it was, how bright the sunbeam made it.

Breakfast was, as usual, porridge and sweet milk, yet how many had no such good, wholesome food, this cold weather! She said so to the children, and her eldest girl answered quickly, "Yes, mother; I was going to tell you: old grantrie, down in the hollow, is very ill

I meant to tell you yesterday, and ask you to let me take her something, only—"

The child stopped and blushed, and the woman understood. "Only" yesterday she had been so fretful and peevish no one could speak to her.

"I'll get you a little basket ready," she answered, taking no notice of the girl's confession; "and the others can go with you. The walk will do you all good."

For it is the child's shyly expressed desire she saw care for others and practical sympathy. "And I always fancied her so selfish and cold!" she wondered, as the party set off.

Work and plenty of it came next; but work, when you are happy over it, is far higher than when you set about it with a heavy heart.

And the maids wondered at the way all seemed to go as on oiled wheels.

A shadow crossed the window, and a moment later her husband entered, knocking the snow off his boots at the sill of the door.

She turned to him. He looked worn and weary, and the sight cut her like a knife. "What if he was going to die and leave her?" "Sit down," she said, drawing up one of the elbow-chairs. "I'll make you a cup of something hot; you seem tired out."

And that, as far as I remember it is the end of the legend.

Never had the mother found so much love and appreciation: never had father, children and servants known so sweet and wonderful a spirit.

But not till the house was silent once more, and all save the farmer and his wife had left the fireside and gone to rest, did the memory of the spirit's promise return to the woman.

"This has been a good day, lass," said the farmer quietly, for the house was better, and numerous small acts of kindness had made the farm and all who passed in and out of it brighter and better.

"A good beginning to the New Year!"

Then, as a flash, the woman understood.

"Now I know; when I see it all!" she cried. "I thought my New Year's gift would change others, and instead of that it has changed me. I have got new eyes, father, eyes to see my mercies and my blessings; while before then I could only see the drudgery and sameness. Yes, I have the best of New Year's gifts, and, by God's blessing, not only my life, but yours, and the children's, and everybody's around me, shall he made new too."

And that, as far as I remember it is the end of the legend.

M. Duff.

**→ NOW AND FOREVER. ←**

A WARNING TO SINNERS BY THE GENERAL.

"Is there any other question in the Heaven above or hell beneath, or the earth below here, that is more important, or as important, to you and me who sit in this hall, than, Where, where, where shall I spend this long eternity? Do you ask me?

"Well, tell me your character; then I will tell you where your destiny will be. If you are a holy man, you will go to Heaven; if you are ungodly you will go to hell. Don't try, for God's sake, to get round it; it is too important to be trifled with. If you are not right, they will not have you in Heaven; there would be a civil war, if Peter were to let you in."

"Now, I come to what I was going to say, and that is, with what tremendous importance do these marches to victory, which you will have to make, invest the decision which you will arrive at to-night: whether you come to this penitential form, or whether you don't, whether you come and kneel here and let God Almighty put you right, or whether you don't. If you are a backslider, let Him restore you; if you are a sinner, let Him come and transform you, now forgive you, and make you safe. If you are a half-arsed Laodicean, come and let God bring back the days and the rejoicings of yore. Let Him do it now. Now is the time; that is my closing word, now—N-O-W—tonight. Now, for eternity, now for eternity!"

"I will give you an illustration: Some time ago there was a last attempt at rebellion in Ireland, and the insurgents, those who were in the rising, and everybody far and near, were to know the hour had come when there floated from the highest turret a green silk banner, and on that banner were the words, 'Now or never; now and for ever.' Come and kneel down here and hoist the banner of the Cross. It may be now or never. Come and let it be now and for ever!"—From an address delivered by the General at a recent meeting at Exeter Hall.

"I'm troubled over one of the horses, mother," he answered; "it's ill, and I don't know what to make of it."

The farmer held his breath and waited for the storm of complaint and minnowance to break. The team-man would be to blame. The farmer himself should have noticed it earlier; she was the most unfortunate of women; ill-luck seemed to trouble her on every side. All this and much more the farmer had heard him up to hear in silence.

But he waited in vain. His wife was busy over the ten-kettle. Then she turned to him, and laying one hand on his shoulder, set the cup before him with the other.

"That's bad news, father," she said, while a shudder of anxiety rested on her face. "Drink this up, and I'll slip on my cloak and come out with you. Which horse is it, and what have you done for it?"

The farmer looked at her in surprise, answered her questions, and pondered, as he did so, over what had happened to his wife. Never had he known her take a bit of bad news so patiently. If she were always to be like this, why, life would be as in the old days—gone, he thought, for ever.

And so the day passed, and before the family gathered in the kitchen for tea, all had felt the new and wonderful in-

fluence. Never had the mother found so much love and appreciation: never had father, children and servants known so sweet and wonderful a spirit.

But not till the house was silent once more, and all save the farmer and his wife had left the fireside and gone to rest, did the memory of the spirit's promise return to the woman.

"This has been a good day, lass," said the farmer quietly, for the house was better, and numerous small acts of kindness had made the farm and all who passed in and out of it brighter and better.

"A good beginning to the New Year!"

Then, as a flash, the woman understood.

"Now I know; when I see it all!" she cried. "I thought my New Year's gift would change others, and instead of that it has changed me. I have got new eyes, father, eyes to see my mercies and my blessings; while before then I could only see the drudgery and sameness. Yes, I have the best of New Year's gifts, and, by God's blessing, not only my life, but yours, and the children's, and everybody's around me, shall he made new too."

And that, as far as I remember it is the end of the legend.

which to rest, and he fell to the ground. Before Rabbi Yeshua retired he had taken away the ladder, because he thought, "Perhaps my guest is a companion of thieves and robbers."

In the morning when Yeshua opened the door of his house, he saw the guest of the evening before lying on the ground. Yeshua hastened to him, and when he saw his many wounds he asked:

"How didst thou fall from thy bed to the ground?"

The man answered: "Who would have thought that thou wast so cunning?"

Rabbi Yeshua answered: "It is written, 'With the froward man thou shalt show thyself froward.' (Psalm xxviii. 26.)" —

2. "Which to choose, the long way or the short one?"

On one occasion, when Rabbi Yeshua was making a journey, he passed a boy seated on the ground, and as he did not know the road to the place where he intended to go, he asked him:

"How far is it to the city of N—?"

The boy answered: "My lord, there are two ways before you, one short and the other long, and sure, and near."

Rabbi Yeshua took the first road. After traveling a few hours he came near the city, but was unable to enter on account of the high fence which surrounded it. He turned back to where the boy was seated and asked:

"Why did you deceive me?"

"I spoke the truth," said the boy. "One way is nearer, but twice as far on account of the fence."

Then said Rabbi Yeshua: "Blessed are ye children of Israel, because ye are wise from the smallest even unto the greatest." —

The Rabbis, Gamliel, Eliezerben, Azaryah, Yeshua and Akiba, once journeyed to Rome. When they reached Puteoli they could already hear the din of the city, though it was a distance of a hundred and twenty-three miles.

The Rabbis, with the exception of Akiba, shed tears. He, on the contrary, began to laugh.

"Why laughest thou?" asked his friends.

"Why do you cry?" he retorted.

They answered: "These Romans who worship idols of wood, and stone, and offer incense to stars and planets, abide in peace and quietness, while our Temple, which was the footstool of our God, is consumed with fire; how can we help weeping?"

"That is just the very reason," said Akiba, "why I rejoice, for if such be the lot of these who transgress His laws, what will be the lot of those who honor and obey Him?"

Another time they were going up to Jerusalem, and at the Mount of the Guards they rent their clothes. As they drew near the Temple Mount, they saw a fox coming down from the place where the Holy of Holies once stood.

The three Rabbis again began to weep, and Rabbi Akiba to laugh, as before.

"Why do you weep?" he asked. They replied: "The fox walks upon it." (Lam. vi. 18) "Upon the very place concerning which it is said, 'The stranger coming hither shall be put to death.' (Num. i. 51, and should we not weep?"

Rabbi Akiba answered: "That is just the reason for my laughing, for it is written in Isaiah viii. 2, 'And I took with me faithful witnesses to record, Uriah, the priest, and Zechariah, the son of Berechiah, and Zoberechiah, who lived during the second Temple.' Scripture utters the prediction of Zechariah with that of Uriah, who writes in Micah iii. 12, 'Therefore, shall Zion for your sakes be ploughed as a field.' In Zechariah viii. 4, it is written, 'There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem.' As long as this prediction of Uriah remains unfulfilled, I feared lest that of Zechariah should also not be fulfilled, but now the former prophecy, that foxes should walk upon Zion as on a ploughed field, has been fulfilled; it is certain that the latter prediction will also come to pass."

The other Rabbis then exclaimed: "Akiba, thou hast comforted us! Akiba, thou hast comforted us!"

Note what great men admire. They admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

The

The December is a double number devoted to the annual Operations of the Kingdom. As one is by no means and figures of state.

Each chapter has been contributed by a writer, and is promised by heads:

SILVER STONE SHELTER DOCTOR,

A SEVEN-FOOT LIFE

"A LITTLE BEHIND

MADOLEIN WHITE DUFF.

And others equal, and less illustrious by initials.

Commissioning. He to get some his pen on came across, but clearly victim of alcohol, laziness, the Commission to be addressed.

"I am not down, sir, a

"Number

He smiled, the poor man of the most in England, embracing instance, was mounting, a lee beds; gathered the doors of a ventilated with doggs and other little ends.

Waiting the at the end could hear bath and self-possess uniform, directing the distribution another w

sel. On

glory and

Here, at

superstition

material Education

do with t

Number

and remain

men will

## The "Darkest England" Scheme Up to Date.

### A Review of the Social Work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain.

The December issue of *The Deliverer* is a double number, and is entirely devoted to the annual report of the Social Operations of the Army in the United Kingdom. As previous reports, so this one is by no means a mere string of facts and figures, but is composed of a collection of stories, illustrating the various departments of our Social work.

Each chapter, there are eleven in all, has been contributed by a well-known writer, and much instructive matter is promised by the following chapter heads—

SILVER STREAKS IN AN ARMY SHELTER: or, A PHILOSOPHIC DOCTOR, by Commissioner Niel.

A SEVENFOLD VIEW OF CRIMINAL LIFE, by Brigadier Moss.

"A LITTLE THING TOMMY LEFT BEHIND HIM," by Major Bond.

MADELEINE: or, THE LITTLE WHITE TICKET, by Brigadier Duff.

And others equally captioned by drawing titles, and by literary lights, none the less lustrious because only represented by initials.

◆

Commissioner Niel's story is very touching. He visited an Army Shelter near the din of the city of N—, a distance of three miles.

"I am not lazy," said the man. "Sit down, sir, and I will tell you the story of—"

"Number One?" I interjected.

He smiled. We sat on the edge of the poor man's doos, surrounded by one of the most pathetic scenes to be seen in England. Fully two hundred men, embracing every type of submerged existence, were reclining on the benches; snoring, or already asleep in the Jubilee beds; unpacking crumpled they had gathered from the gutters and back doors of the town; repairing highly-ventilated wardrobes; munching, some with doggish ferocity, discarded bones and other table estiways; or turning into little heaps of cigarette ends. A few were standing at ease, waiting their serving of soup and bread at the cheap Restraint Bar. You could hear the splash of others in the Bath and Wash-rooms. A sharp-eyed, self-possessed, energetic man in Army uniform, flitted hither and thither, directing the collection of mugs and the distribution of soup, dropping to one and another words of cheer and good counsel. Oh, ye prophets of Millennium glory and prosperity, behold your task! Here, at the foundations of the great superstructure called Civilization, lies material that mocks your finished of Education and Science. What would ye do with them?

Number One observed my diversion, and remarked: "We are not all what we seem, sir. As honest and honorable men will gather round our 'prayers' in

this Shelter as worship at St. Paul's on Sunday. Poverty is not a crime, sir. A man may have a good heart under a greasy coat. Do you see that man walking toward the corner? Well, he sells newspapers, and is a member of a church, and hasn't missed, to my knowledge, calling on his mother at the Workhouse for a month. He's got the stuff in him that makes a man, nearly, whether in a shelter or a mansion. But," he said, after a pause, "you want to know how this item?"

(Number One, please?)

"Comes to here, sir. I must go back thirty-five years, when my wife died, and left me with two mites of children. One is now a clerk in the Stock Exchange, and the other is married and resides in Winchester. The children saved me from being a maniac; but the misfortune of losing my wife knocked all ambition out of my life. Shall I ever forget the world as it looked when I returned to the black carriage from the graveyard? No, sir, never! It was a warm and glorious day in June. The streets, sky, sun and people all

not too biting, I walk along to Greenwich and look at the scenes of my younger days, and brish the afternoon in the Lewisham Cemetery."

"You don't find a silver streak there?"

"I do," replied Number One, mournfully. "I am no spiritulist, but I have become a firm believer in the spirit world since I knew this Shelter, and as I sit on the old gravestone, beneath which lies the crumbling bones of the only woman I ever loved, my heart softens, sir, and many a tear have I shed and may a prayer have I uttered—many, sir, many. I don't mind telling you this little secret of my life. You will understand. I shall join her one day, please God. Do you think they know up there how we live down here?"

"Personally, I do."

"There's comfort in the thought, especially to one like me—an item, a mere item in a neglected crowd."

"Why, you talk like a philosopher."

"So I am, sir, in my own way. I occasionally sit down in St. Paul's Churchyard and follow the pigeons in their innocent, natural frolics among the dead windows of the Cathedral, and laugh at their competitions for the crumbs a poor beggar, like me, throws at them. These strong on the wing, and in the flocks come out, as a rule, the best. They pick up morsels of the cream. Young, small, timid pigeons stand little chance. And I read, sir, at those times the whole history of man's struggles in that churchyard, and often wonder, if these pigeons had the intelligence of mortals, they would wish to exchange their life for mine."

point, "What can I get out of you?" Then, this place is clean, which to a man of my taste is worth a lot. I get my clothes washed at the other end of the building, and if I have any suspicions that, in associating with others, certain things have, unbeknown, secreted themselves in the lining, well—I can get them cremated. If I have a taste for a warm spray, as well as a good shampoo, then I can get the same for nothing when I like. These are all silver streaks."

After a pause, the Dossor Philosopher said: "I like your religion, though you are a little too severe on a bit o' bacon. Baden-Powell can easily dispense with the cut; he has other luxuries. A bit of bacon is often a comfort to me, especially on a cold and dreary night. It is mainly luxury. I am a teetotaler. I believe in God, as my Father and Christ as my Saviour, and it is His grace alone that I am what I am—a poor but honest man, and a Christian."

One is pleased to hear that Number One concludes by announcing that he expects to get a situation in a coffee-house.

◆

A.M.N. writes a chapter on the "Elevators," or factories of the Army, which render temporary and permanent employment for a large number of out-of-work. The industries represented by these factories include carpentry and joinery, firewood (bundles of lime kindling), cabinet-making, upholstery, French polishing, tambourine-making, blacksmithing, mattress-making, painting, engineering, wheelwrighting, saw-mills, tin-working, paper-scoring, rag-sorting, match and match-box making, baking, coach-painting, gas-fitting, etc.

A typical case of a clerk, who drifted into an Army Elevator, is given. The poor man was too much reduced in strength to do any hard work, and was put to cleaning knives and forks, which he resented at first, but was induced to do by the captain in charge, who believes in the "gospel of heat, work, system, and the Grace of God," to build up wrecks of humanity like this clerk. The clerk was truly converted, and is now in a situation in an accountant's office.

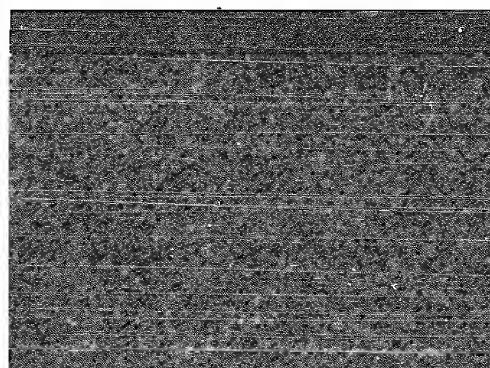
◆

In "A Sevenfold View of Criminal Life," Brigadier Moss tells the stories of seven criminals who found their way into the Prison Gate Home of the Army. The incidents are very pathetic, embracing the cases of young beginners and old, hardened criminals. We regret that space will not permit us reprinting any of these.

◆

The Home for Homeless Boys is doing its own peculiar work among the waifs of London; the most incorrigible and despairing cases are taken in the institution. Many of the boys sheltered are forced, by the drunkenness of their parents, to get their own living as best they can.

(Continued on page 10.)



A Homeless Man's Retreat in London when the Shelters are Full.

seemed to mock and laugh at my sorrow, and, whether you understand it or not, the fact is I have had no heart to live since then. Time's healing balm has not yet cured my sorrow. With my wife at home, you see, I was a strong man; when she died I was weak. The world was bright with sunshine all the year round; now it is all and always grey, excepting for little streaks of silver here and there."

"And what may these same streaks be, Number One?" we enquired.

"Not what you might think, sir. I have not entered a theatre or music-hall for many years; and it is long since I parted company with a glass of beer. I thank the Almighty God every day that my inclinations do not lead in these directions, sir."

"If the Sunday is dry and the wind

"I don't blame you, Number One, for the thought. The Master Himself asked the question, 'How much greater is a man than a sheep?' In this city I fear that in some places a sheep is valued at a higher price than an immortal soul!"

Number one nodded his assent.

"General Booth?"

"Yes—The General once peculiarly remarked in a public meeting that some men were considerably below par when compared with sheep. They could kill a sheep and eat it; they couldn't do that with a soul."

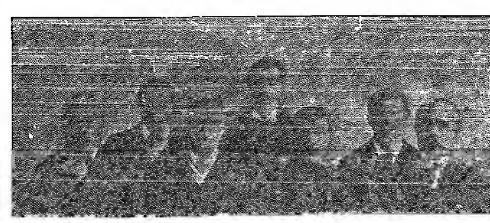
It was delightful to see the philosopher, the suddenness with which he relapsed into his sealed-up-like manner.

"Any more streaks of silver?" we asked, pleasantly.

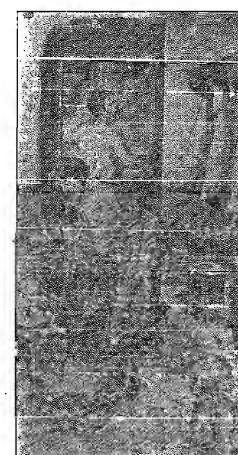
Number One again brightened. "Yes—this he said, pointing to his bunk. "As things stand, with my limited resources—I've just netted tenpence to-day—this bunk is a little oasis in the desert. It's clean and comfortable, and only costs twopence, which is a consideration to a man of sixty-five, who has only tenpence to tide him over Sunday, and has no guarantee that he will make so much as twopence again on Monday."

"Unanswerable."

"Quite so. Then you have good company in this Shelter. The difference between the Ensign, as you call him, and the Lodging-House Keeper, is this: the Army man looks at you, from the point of view, 'What can I do for you?' The Lodging-House boss from the other



These Have All Done "Time," the one on the left being an Old Jail-Bird. They are now reclaimed and useful members of society.



A Cold Shower to a Shelter Bath House.



## RAMBLINGS

Of the East Ontario and Quebec  
Provincial Officer.

Tuesday.

This corps is commanded by Ensign and Mrs. Jones, two faithful and devoted officers, under whose supervision a good soul-saving work is in progress. I paid them a visit recently. Arriving at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I was met by the corps and marched triumphantly through the town, and then back to the barracks, where a 3:45 meeting was held, which helped to inspire us for the night's public demonstration. —♦—

A barracks just about full, two good cases of conversion, and \$10.50 taken in collections at the door, was not bad for a town just over one thousand population. The famous zobo band took prominent part, and assisted both outside and inside. —♦—

The Junior work is in a most flourishing condition. It can boast of forty Company attendance on Sundays, and five Companies; twenty-three Band of Love members, and on the occasion of my visit thirty-eight were present at the Band of Love meeting, which was held at 6:30. The Band of Love has also a zobo band. —♦—

Peterboro.

Had a fine time here, with a good crowd for a week-night. Things are going up by leaps and bounds under Adj't. Baldwin and Lieut. Thompson. The soldiers seemed in excellent spirits, and the band gave us good music. Sorry to say we had no sons, although one raised his hand signifying a desire to be saved. —♦—

Lippincott Street.

Hero, on Friday night, ex-Capt. Jones and Bandmaster Downey, of Kingston, were made one under the Army flag. God bless them both. Rev. Mr. Jones, the Captain's father, gave an excellent "full salvation" experience, which did us all good to listen to. —♦—

Lippincott being the corps where the writer played the part of a soldier while attached to T. H. Q. It was only natural for me to accept the invitation to spend the Sunday following the wedding there, and needless to say we had a good time, with three souls in the Fountain, and increased offerings and crowds. —♦—

Lieut.-Colonel Margerts was in evidence; the Colonel and the writer have taken part in many a soul-saving battle together. Major and Mrs. Collier, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Creighton, Adj'ts. Attwell and Creighton, Ensign Mrs. Wynn, Capt. Downey, Freeman, and Stacey, with others, assisted, and we had a grand time together. God bless Lippincott St. —♦—

Port Hope.

Here we have recently secured the Y. M. C. A. building, which answers our purpose admirably, for both public purposes and a quarters for officers. Oh, for a revival flame at this place! The Holy Ghost, plenty of hard work, and lots of experience, are bound to succeed. God bless Capt. Wilson and her assistant, with their troops. —♦—

Belleville.

came next, and what a time we had here to be sure! Ensign Pugh (the District Officer) reinforced us with music and song. Capts. Carter and Ash, with their aides, had worked well, and before the meeting about 500 ten-cent tickets had been disposed of for "Sixty Thousand Miles by Land and Sea," which had been announced; consequently we had a very successful time. —♦—

The Band of Love had been organized recently, and can now boast of 23 members. They have also a zobo band, and they played several tunes for the benefit of the P. O., who conducted a meeting with an attendance of about forty. —♦—

## Deseronto.

The P. O. and D. O. next day bid to the "timber town." We had a splendid Band of Love meeting at 6:30, with over thirty present, although rather a bad night for the weather. Dr. Passmore and daughter were present with us. Deseronto has a splendid J. S. corps with an attendance of thirty-six, and seven Companies; also twenty Band of Love members. —♦—

The public meeting was a very free time. Capt. Edwards, of Napanee, helping to make it so. Ensign Pugh sang an up-to-date song, to the tune of "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," the chorus of which runs—

"The Army is marching along,  
The Army is marching along;  
We'll fight till we're landed in Glory,  
The Army is marching along." —♦—

And so we are. Hallelujah! —I. S. Pugmire.

## Major Pickering and Staff

visitors

## The Fredericton District.

I have just spent a very enjoyable and successful week in this District, accompanied by the Provincial Staff, comprising the Chancellor, Capt. Fleming and Lieut. Urquhart. We commenced at Fredericton.

After a cold ride we arrived and were soon swinging away with a rousing song. The cold froze the handman's instruments; but we sang, and after a red-hot open-air we march off to find a very good crowd awaiting us at the barracks. No stiffness, everything Blood-and-Fire. We parted full of faith for a big day on the morrow—and we were not disappointed. A score of lance-drillers revelled in the delights of the "early birds." The crowds all day were superb; full audience and crowded at night, which spoke well for Adj't. Wiggins' announcements and advertising. How the people sat and drank in the trains; there was not a move until we began the prayer meeting, then they came until ten souls were seeking mercy. The money was not forgotten, for the collections were five times the ordinary amount.

## Woodstock.

was visited on Monday night. Sleet and snow ad lib; others attractions in the town, but we had barracks nearly full, and a first-class meeting. One pleasing feature here is the number of men who have been recently saved, and are now fighting in the ranks. Capt. Welch and Lieut. Jones have done a splendid work. We are more than sorry to lose Capt. Welch; she leaves for Newfoundland to assist in the school affairs of that Province. We bespeak, however, a grand winter for her successor, Capt. Greenfield.

## Houlton.

came next. It was arranged for us to go by coach a 12-mile drive. Where! how the wind did blow the snow into faces. Up-hill and down-dale we went, until at last the cheery faces of Ensign Mrs. Laddie welcomed us to their cozy quarters. The snow was falling heavily. "Shall we get a crowd?" more than one of the party were asking. We had to fight a lot of prejudice here, but by eight o'clock all doubts were set at rest. The spacious Unitarian Church was kindly loaned for the occasion. The Provincial Officers had been announced to give their popular lecture, "Nine Years in Modern Babylon." Ministers from five other churches were present. The pastor of the Church presided, and for nearly two hours they listened to the story of the great worldwide scheme of the social and spiritual emancipation of the lost and erring ones. Time got late and we had to close. "You ought to have started at seven o'clock," said one minister, who would have liked the P. O.'s notes. By the liberal collection, and the hearty congratulations of the people, many of them the leading business men of the place, we could see the fog of prejudice had been lifted from many minds. The officers were delighted. After a freezing drive back in the blinding snow, with "experiences better felt than told," we arrived back at 3 a.m. at Woodstock. A

few hours' repose, and at 7 o'clock we are again on the wing; this time for

## Eastport.

But the weather was against us: we got stuck in the snow for seven hours, and after a weary journey of fourteen hours we got there, but too late for any meeting. The Opera House had been engaged, but had to be given up at the eleventh hour when the Captain found we could not get through. A blinding storm was raging to add to the general discomfort. Capt. Winchester and her Lieutenant have been fighting against great odds here, but have done well.

## Calais.

came next on our list. We had splendid crowds. The Sunday afternoon especially deserves mention. The Methodist Church had been loaned for the occasion, and although a stormy day, the large church had a splendid crowd to fill it, and a history-making meeting followed. A soul-helping soldiers' company lifted two soldiers to a higher standard. Ensign Sabine and Lieut. Payne have a good hold, and already the corps is beginning to improve under their leadership.

## St. Stephen.

Capt. Lorimer had worked well to advertise the meetings. A soul-searching holiness meeting resulted in several claiming the blessing, while in the special soldiers' meeting at night nine comrades re-sought the blessing of a clean heart.

We returned to P. H. Q. Monday, rejoicing over fifteen souls for the week. —I. O. Lippincott Pickering, P. O.

## TWO HAMILTON II. WARRIORs.

Mother Curry and Mother Moore are two of the oldest soldiers of the Hamilton II. corps, the date of their enlist-



Mrs. Curry and Mrs. Moore,  
Or Hamilton, Ont.

ment being some sixteen years ago. Both are still on the warpath, hard after the enemy. They are always ready to take what part they can in the meetings, and it is quite a common occurrence for them to sing a duet together. "When do you both learn the same song, and are always ready to sing?" I asked Mother Curry once.

"Oh, well, Captain," she said, "Mrs. Moore lives next door to me, and I go to her house and have a bit of a practice, and then she comes to my house, and we have another hit."

One of their favorite choruses is—

"I ain't got weary yet,  
I've been going to the Army so long,  
And I ain't got weary yet."

Mrs. Curry disposes of 20 War Crys weekly, which is quite a help to her officers. That they may both be spared to see and take part in many more years' light is the prayer of their Captain—Jeanie McCann.

The rich never want kindred.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.

Nothing will kill a man quicker than perpetually feeling his own pulse.

JANE HOUSE, THE PREACHER;  
OR, A MOTHER'S AMBITION.

There was one, whom we'll call Mrs. House.

Since s'aps her true name we should hide.

Who was almost as poor as a mouse—

With a husband and children beside.

She was not what we'd call a Christian,

But had a desire to be good;

So wished that each one of her children

Might grow up as good as they should;

And then she chose one for a parson—

The notion she got, I may say,

By meeting the Rev. Mark Marson,

Biking out with his "um" one day.

She said it looked "aristocratic"—

A rather long word you'll agree—

But if ever she got "blue-mute"

What a prop such a parson would be!

So she stinted her diapers and teas,

And saved up her pence, for she knew

It would take a few pounds, if you

please,

To study as ministers do.

But at length she had nearly enough,

And said to herself, "Now I can—

Notwithstanding my boys are so rough—

Tell them of my long-cherished plan,

So she called them together one day,

When her husband had gone to the

"pub."

But they grumbled and pouted away,

For they, too, were due at a club;

So, instead of being so glad

At prospect of wearing the gown,

They all looked so miserably sad,

And said it would sure knock 'em

down!

First, the eldest she tried to engage,

But he had a definite plan—

For he said he'd chosen the stage,

To act out his part in the map!

Then the second one, Hugh, said he'd be

Most anything else, but not that;

And he turned up his nose, as if he

Was troubled by smelling 'em

skins!"

So she spoke of the good he might do

To his wife and others around;

Which tickled both Harry and Hugh,

Who laughed till they rolled on the

ground!

And they laughed till tears came to their

eyes.

But when Harry brushed them away

He spoke out in tones of surprise—

"Oh, mother, you'll kill us to-day!"

So this poor woman gave up her plan,

But fretted a deal, I am sure—

She'd the money all right, but the man—

She never would get anymore!

Oh, how oft, when our plaus are upset,

And free from our heart but quite

dead,

There cometh another way yet,

Arising as if from the dead.

When this mother's ambition was

crushed.

For want of a man, or a boy,

In her cottage one morning there chanced

A neighbor, overflowing with joy.

Said she, "At the Army, last night,

Your Jane's such a preacher become,

That the meeting was red-hot and

bright,

Without any cornet or drum!

And I heard that the Captain should

say,

That Jane must go into the Field;

And I guess he'll be coming to-day,

To see if her mother will yield,

And when she's a Captain, you know,

In charge of a Salvation corps,

As her mother sometimes you will go,

To cheer her a bit, I am sure."

And the Captain did come, and he said

That Jane should a Candidate be;

And soon in a garrison of red,

The mother her daughter did see.

And although Mrs. House took on so

To consent to all that was done,

Yet she felt a bit proud, don't you know,

Of preachers, to know she had one.

Then, in time, Capt. House had a corn,

And asked her dear mother to come,

Just a day or two with her, or more,

Which would take in a certain week-end.

So she came, somewhat flurried a bit;

Said Captain, "I'm glad you have

come!"

\* \* \*

At the first open-air she got hit—

And saved as she knelt at the drum :

—David Copperfield.



## Verse Dishes.

### OUR INFLUENCE.

There are two spirits in every man, and these spirits are contending together for the mastery. In all our relations we make our choice as to whether we shall evoke the best or the worst in those whom we meet; whether we shall liberate the best that is in them, or invigorate the worst. There are men who go through life and do no evil so far as action is concerned, but who blight everything fine and fair which comes in their way, by the chilling breath of scepticism; there are others who have a genius for calling out the best. It was impossible not to believe in the nobility and dignity of life when one listened to Phillips Brooks; his atmosphere made scepticism incredible. When Blume declared that he believed in immortality whenever he remembered his mother, he was bearing testimony to the almost divine influence which women of the highest type always exert, and when they often exert in entire unconsciousness. What man believes is a vital matter, not only for himself, but for others. Let him believe in the best, and, however full of faults and imperfections he may be, there will be in his own nature a slow but tidal movement toward goodness, and he will make the attainment of virtue easier for all who know him. Let a man disbelieve and never with the flourish of trumpets and pompous pretensions, but, although he may have great ability and many attractive qualities, he will smirch the society through which he passes, and leave a blackened trail behind him. When a man comes to look back on his own life, his most blessed comfort may be the discernment: for the first time that he has helped instead of hindered, and his most terrible punishment may be the discernment for the first time of the aid which he has given unconsciously and unintentionally to the process of moral disintegration and spiritual decline in those about him.

## Daily Soul-Donic.

"Humility is the saint's best gird."

SUNDAY.—"Before honor is humility."—Prov. xv. 33.

Wouldst thou seek true honor before God and good men? Then be humble, fearing the Lord, and learning of every circumstance of life; bow to trust God, observe the works of His providence, and esteem others better than yourself. Men will be to you what they see themselves in your esteem.

MONDAY.—"Before the destruction the heart is haughty."—Prov. xviii. 12.

Proud men cannot see their faults; they hide them from others, and cover them up from themselves. They will not listen to reproof and admonition, because their mind is ever dwelling on the things they can do well, and never observe the many things in which they fall short. They walk with their heads turned to the clouds over the precipice of destruction.

TUESDAY.—"By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, and honor, and life."—Prov. xxii. 4.

It humility leads to riches, and honor, and life, they are not of that vaporous nature as the wealth and honor of this world, but of an enduring character. Humility's wealth cannot be stolen, and its honor cannot be tarnished, and its life is everlasting.

WEDNESDAY.—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Micah vi. 8.

The condition of God's blessing upon men are tersely described in the Trinity of justice, mercy, and humility, and these are the attributes of true love, the essence and nature of Christianity.

—♦—

THURSDAY.—"Whoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. xix. 4.

The rule by which greatness is measured in heaven is in opposition to the one in this world. Here the most selfish and grabbing are counted the greatest; there the simple, self-sacrificing hero, who walks in humility before his God, unnoticed by the world, will be set up as the standard of heaven's knight hood.

—♦—

FRIDAY.—"Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—Matt. xx. 27, 28.

Christ has set us an undisputable example of humility, for He was the servant of all men to win their allegiance to God. We need not cast about for excuses for our pride and stand upon our dignity, for there are none that can stand in the light of the Master's life. He was ever doing good, but never with the flourish of trumpets and with pompous pretensions.

—♦—

SATURDAY.—"Whoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that blemisheth himself shall be exalted."

The man who exalts himself thereby makes himself a judge of his merits; but since no man can be his unprejudiced judge, he, of necessity, must be abased even in the eyes of men, for the judgment of God smites him down. Walk humbly, and wait until thy God says, "Come up higher."

## The Riches Within.

People are very much, in this world, like jewels locked up. You may bring out the casket, and nobody see the flash of jewels; but if you will open it and take them out, and bring them into a favorable light, then you will begin to discern what is the richness of your treasure. We have so much to do besides being good in this world, we have so much use for the hand and for the foot, for that which is material, that few of us open up the jewel-case of life, and show men what are the beauties and riches of that which is within, which God thinks of, which angels watch over, which eternity is to disclose, and which is to make heaven radiant, when we shall shine above the brightness of the stars.—H. Ward Beecher.

## NOTICE! NOTICE! WANTED! WANTED!

### Special Troupe of Women, West Ontario.

Among the soldiers of many of the West Ontario corps are doubtless to be found some girl-soldiers who could desire part or all of their time during this winter to soul-saving work. Those who will do so please apply in person or by letter to Major McMillan, Clarence St., London, Ont.

Some of the sweetest songs ever sung on earth have had for their accompaniment a heart overstrung with suffering, and a spirit well-nigh quenched with sorrow.

## Platform Illustrations.

### Unbiased Warnings.

The Roman senators conspired against Julius Caesar to kill him. That very next morning Artemidorus, Caesar's friend, delivered him a paper, desiring him to peruse it, wherein the whole plot was discovered; but Caesar complimented his life away, being so taken up to return the salutations of such people as met him in the way, that he pocketed the paper, among other petitions, un-concerned therein; and so, going to the senate-house, was slain. The world, flesh, and devil have a design for the destruction of men; we bring the people letter, God's word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. "But who hath believed our report?" Most men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us, or read the letter; but thus, also, run heading to their own ruin and destruction.

—♦—

### Eight Means to Right End.

In the days of King Edward VI. the Lord Protector marched with a powerful army into Scotland, to demand their young Queen Mary in marriage to the King, according to their promise. The Scotch refusing to do it, were beaten by the English in the Muskeborough fight. One demanded of a Scottish lord, taken prisoner in the battle, "Now, sir, how do you like our King's marriage with your Queen?"

"I always," quoth he, "did like the marriage, but I did not like the wooing, that you should fetch a bride with fire and sword!"

It is not enough for men to propound pious projects to themselves, if they go about to indirect courses to compass them. God's own work must be done by God's own ways. Otherwise we can take no comfort in obtaining the end, if we cannot justify the means used thereto.

—♦—

### Beware of Baits.

Martin de Gulin, master of the Tortinie Order, was taken prisoner by the Prussians, and delivered bound, to be beheaded. But he persuaded his executioner, who had him alone, first to take off his costly clothes, which otherwise would be spoiled with the sprinkling of his blood. Now, the prisoner, being partly unbound to be unloathed, and finding his arms somewhat loosened, struck the executioner in the ground, killing him afterwards with his own sword, and so gained both his life and his liberty. Christ hath overcome the world, and delivered it to us to destroy it. But we are all Achians by nature, and the Babylonish garment is a bait for our covetousness. Whilst, therefore, we seek in take plunder of this world's wardrobe, we let go the mastery we had formerly of it; and too often, that which Christ's passion made our captive, our fully makes our conqueror.

—♦—

### Ramambrance of God's Favor.

Marcus Manlius deserved exceedingly well of the Roman state, having valiantly defended their capital. But afterwards, falling into disfavor with the people, he was condemned to death. However, the people would not be unthankful as to suffer him to be executed in any place save where the capital might be held; for the pro-cess thereof prompted them with fresh remembrance of his former merits. At last they found a law place in the Petilene grove, by the river-gate, where no pinnacle of the capital could be perceived, and there he was put to death. Whid way can men look and not have their eyes met with the remembrance of God's favor unto them? Look about the vineyard, it is fenced; look without it, the stones are cast out: look within

it, it is planted with the choicest vine; look above it, a tower is built in the midst thereof; look beneath it, a wine-press is digged. It is impossible for one to look any way, and to avoid the beholding of God's bounty. Ungrateful man! And as there is no place, or there is no time for us to sin, without being at that instant befooled to him; we owe to him that we are, even when we are rebellious against Him.

## What a Soldier Should Know

### In Sickness.

The Salvation soldier must not chafe or worry because of any affliction that may happen to him, or to those whom he loves. In sickness he can always rest assured that while he loves and serves God to the utmost of his ability, nothing can happen to him but what comes by the will of God, in the sense that either God is aware of the visitation, and could have prevented it had he seen fit to do so, or that it comes direct from God's own hand, and is therefore sent in love for his benefit.

### All Things Work Together for Good.

He can always be assured that all things, no matter how painful or injurious they may appear to him, can, and will, be made to work together for his good if he receives them in the spirit of submission, obedience, and faith.

Nevertheless, the desire for restoration to health is perfectly natural, and, therefore lawful, and doubly so when combined with a desire to the health prayed for in the work of saving men and glorifying God.

### Use Legitimate Means of Restoration.

It must be, therefore, equally lawful to ask God for restoration, and to use all legitimate means to bring it about, such as following the advice of those who are supposed to understand diseases, the nature of medicines, and the use of other means.

### Trust God Above Everything.

It must be equally allowable for the Salvation soldier, when afflicted, and led to do so, to seek healing directly at the hands of God, and that without the use of medicines. In such cases success is very honoring to God, helpful to the faith of His people, and calculated to exalt the power of God in the estimation of the unconverted.

### Sickness Is Not Sin.

But it is not in harmony with the teachings of the Bible, the experience of holy men, and the dictates of reason to pronounce all sickness to be only a proof of unbelief, and that it is the will of God to heal all alike, and when He fails to do so, to pronounce it to be a proof of the existence of some secret sin, or the want of faith.

### Act in Good Sense.

Nor is it in harmony with the law of either God or man to refuse to call in proper medical aid when children, or other persons unable to decide for themselves are seriously ill. You are not bound to let upon any advice given if you think it contrary to the will of God; but, in order to be an obedient subject, you should, according to law, have a medical attendant duly qualified to give a certificate of the cause of death, should it occur.

Materialistic science exaggerates the body at the cost of the soul. If it could conquer, its victory would be man's deepest defeat.

—♦—

His name on his forehead! There is an obscure way in which character imprints itself on the face. The very attempt to conceal writes—Hypocrite!

## A Prai

BY THE TERR

1

CHAR

BERA

If we whose d  
the Go-appoint  
deal with immo  
the end from the  
fore, understand  
ence, with which  
its destiny, what  
possibility the  
life would have  
being to what c  
and possibilities  
and to what p  
they could be pu  
only we shoul  
when dealing w  
ures. If we d  
things we shou  
test an earnest  
each concerning  
exceptional cases,  
opened into ext  
powerful chara  
weigh up minis  
near as our ov  
mit, and should  
it would not be  
Christ's King.  
His servants, i  
aged by a few  
pear and three  
or their progress  
our own mind  
stances present  
pay us over an  
slacken our o  
renew our tact  
the greater to  
every effort to

If we, too,  
what personal  
what degrees  
might aspire,  
same kind o  
order that w  
ourselves to  
Seeing, how  
the possibility  
respecting the  
are very larg  
and seeing w  
those we de  
into another  
Booth, anoth  
Moody, anoth  
or another  
to deal with  
that one eve  
distinctive o  
thing or wh  
to regret as  
duty to pla

Could the  
sogned with  
day at Edin  
after, she  
and conve  
converted  
had never  
such a ten  
thing was  
to interru  
Seestelman  
since been  
realized th  
have mad  
Majesty t  
the outco  
and zeal-c  
on the ca  
The devil  
them to  
ment.

It won  
the story  
readily ea  
smile." I  
which th  
pointmen  
filled at  
area. Hi  
Riverid  
thing. I  
the Ma  
of these  
ration i  
mean, t  
arise at  
convert  
that di

## A Prairie Plucking; Or, SEED-SOWING AND ITS YIELD.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### SEED SAMPLES.

we might longer stay to tell of other cases of sheep-gathering, such as that of Treas. Murphy, of — corps, and—just one such "sheaf" must, however, suffice.

planted with the choicest vine; for it, a tower is built in, a vine-digged. It is impossible for any way, and to avoid the of God's bounty. Ungrateful and as there is no place, so time for us to sin, without that instant bequeathed to Him; Him that we are, even when bellows against Him.

## Soldier Should Know

alone soldier must not chafe because of any affliction that comes to him, or to those whom in sickness he loves and to the utmost of his ability, happen to him. What the will of God, in the sense God is aware of the visits of evil have prevented it had He so, or that it comes direct from his own hand, and is therefore for his benefit.

Work Together for God. Always be assured that all matter how painful or injurious appear to him, can, and do to work together for his receives them in the spirit of obediency, and faith.

the desire for restoration is perfectly natural, and, and doubly so when with a desire to use the health the work of saving men God.

Means of Restoration. Therefore, equally lawful for restoration, and to use means to bring it about. Following the advice of those opposed to understand nature of medicines, and the means.

over Everything. Equally allowable for the when afflicted, and fed by bearing directly at the and that without the use In such cases success is to God, helpful to the people, and calculated to of God in the estimation of.

sin. Not in harmony with the Bible, the experience of the dictates of reason to sickness to be only a proof that it is the will of unlike, and when He fails pronounced it to be a proof of some secret sin, or the.

arity with the law of man to refuse to call in aid when children, or able to decide for them- selves ill. You are not on any advice given if to the will of God; he an obedient subject, according to law, have a duly qualified to give cause of death, should

ience exaggerates the of the soul. If it its victory would befeat.

forehead! There in which character im face. The very at writes—Hypocrite!



Notices Adorning the Provincial Office at Winnipeg, which Arouse White's Curiosity.

The Territorial Secretary and his excellent wife were down to do a weekend at Hamilton, Ont., and landed in that "Ambitious City" about 5 p.m. Tea was already provided when we reached the officers' quarters. The Scot was there, but excused himself from taking tea with them—he must visit the saloons with Crys, etc., before the former closed. While the Scot was performing these weekly duties at this hour the Territorial Secretary and his wife listened to a description by W.—'s District Officer, of "a certain sheaf" which the Scotch "sleek swing" had, by God's grace, gathered. We all understand that it takes a Scotchman to catch (convert) a Scotchman. The story ran about as follows:

J. Mac— had been a bar-tender for 15 years in a certain hotel in that city. He was a reliable man and in the service and estimation of the proprietor, a man of great value. W.— got hold of J.—, got the plough of truth at work in his soul, God's Spirit co-operating, working the harrow of conviction in his conscience. J.— himself tested these workings, and with the combined efforts of this triune, the caretin, kindly and faithful toll of the Canadian J.—'s own reprobate soul, the devil was soon brought fully into the garden of sinning grace. He immediately "threw up" bar-tending, rather than return to which he tramped the city for several weeks in search of more noble employment, during which time he received protests, gabs, from his old proprietor and others, to "return to his old job."

Eventually, however, through the Army's agency, J.— obtained a position in Buffalo, N. Y. When he paid his farewell visit to said Hotel, the proprietor put up the strongest protest of all. J.—, however, would neither be persuaded, shamed, driven, nor coaxed back to his old ways, to express his disapproval or which the proprietor presented J.— with the gift of a purse, which when he had opened it, was found to contain \$50. Such expression of disapproval doubtless had a great effect on J.—, who, the last time we heard of him, was doing well in the enjoyable service of his new environments and privileges—those of a soldier of the great S. A.

Capt. and Mrs. White are now in charge of our Portage la Prairie corps. in Manitoba, and in view of recent events, and the Bible declaration that "one shall chase a thousand," but that "two shall put ten thousand to flight," we may hope to hear of still more numbers such "sheaves" being gathered in the days which are to come.

THE END.



Capt. G. P. Thompson.



### IL—THE ROMANS.

#### CHAPTER XII.

A short time back I was around visiting and I came across a small pamphlet with the above title. Being a Salvationist, I'm not so well acquainted with how the devil goes to church, as I am how he comes to the Army barracks. However, this title reminded me very forcibly that he had met the devil in several forms.

A well-dressed, smart-looking young man came in one night, and when the invitation was given for testimonies he rose to his feet with no long a string of religious talk as ever you heard. He had been drinking enough from the wine cup to give him the courage his mates said he didn't have. Anyway, his speech proved that it was the devil at the Army. Poor dupe.

Another young fellow came out to the drum-head in the open-air, and professed to get salvation. He came along to the barracks, gave his testimony, and was applauded by the officers and soldiers for his heroic action. After the meeting he called the Captain outside and wanted to borrow a dollar-bill, and a few of his chums stood on the opposite side of the street; it was there the devil showed himself. Silly dupe.

A very popular young lady thought she'd like to be clever enough to get the Captain to leave his post in the Army, and decided to go to the penitent form and make a profession of salvation for a trial. She did so, but failed in her mission of getting the Captain to leave his post. The said young lady lost a great deal of her popularity among her lady friends, and left town for a year while the sore was healing. Deafened lass.

The devil at the Army has had many a hard knock, but it doesn't discourage him, he still keeps it up.

I could tell of dozens of times the devil has put in his appearance in this fashion, but the number of times that he has been about drunk, with his pockets full of small stones, pins, nuts, rice, salt, etc., etc., is past my reckoning.

The devil at the Army has had many a hard knock, but it doesn't discourage him, he still keeps it up.

I could tell of dozens of times the devil has put in his appearance in this fashion, but the number of times that he has been about drunk, with his pockets full of small stones, pins, nuts, rice, salt, etc., etc., is past my reckoning.

Years of experience have taught me that the devil is very industrious in his business; he never lets any time be wasted, but runs speed about his work all the year round. Knowing this gives me a great desire to get in every moment that I can for God. I realize that to be able to defeat the devil we must be filled with God; to snatch precious souls from the devil's grasp, we must live with God, and be hourly in touch with him.

Every Christian should feel it his duty to spend a certain portion of his time studying the best way of flooring the works of the devil by raising the flag of holiness.

The devil has too much of his own way. Oh! for a mighty wave of holiness to sweep across our fair Dominion of Canada.

### Do Your Duty.

Do thy duty and be at peace with God and thine own conscience. There can be no true peace with thee apart from the honest and faithful discharge of these obligations, great and small, which come into thy life from the Creator, and which rightly viewed, are an angel of divine discipline. Thou hast much to say about thy rights, and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.—Frederic R. Marvin.

In human intercourse the tragedy begins, not when there is misunderstanding about words, but when silence is not understood.

The two brothers, Caracalla and Geta, who had both been destined by their father to succeed him, concluded a treaty with the Caledonians, who had again revolted, and then returned to Rome. The hatred which they had cherished against each other from their boyhood now burst forth with greater animosity, and it was in vain that their mother, Julia, who attempted to bring about a reconciliation, Caracalla the more cruel of the two, caused his brother to be murdered in the very arms of his mother, and then declared him to be a god, A.D. 212. No one, however, was allowed to mention the name of Geta, and all his friends were put to death. Among these victims was Caracalla's own instructor, the great jurist Papinius. Besides these, thousands of others were murdered in order that the tyrant might gain possession of their property. When these means no longer sufficed to provide him with what he wanted to gratify his lusts, he deteriorated the coinage, and in order to be able to increase the taxes, conferred the Roman franchise upon all free-born subjects of the Empire. But all these things made his name so odious at Rome that he felt uneasy, and resolved to travel through the various countries of the Empire, all of which were now equally robbed and plundered, and deprived of their best inhabitants. Thus he devastated Gaul in A.D. 213, and in the year following he was obliged to purchase peace of the Germans notwithstanding which he assumed the title Germanorum. After this he traversed Macedonia, where Alexander the Great in his dress, gestures, and the inclination of the head; thence he proceeded to Asia Minor, where he imitated Achilles. Orsphene was made by him a Roman Province, but an attempt upon Armenia failed. At last he arrived in Alexandria, where some pasquines upon him had been circulated. For this offence he now punished the city, in A.D. 215, by ordering the greater part of its inhabitants to be butchered by the soldiers. The place is said to have been literally deluged with blood. After this atrocity he proceeded to Antioch, being desirous to obtain the surname Parthicus. He gained his object, without fighting a battle, by treacherously causing Artabanus, the King of the Parthians, to be put to death. But on his return he himself was murdered, on the 8th of April, A.D. 217, near Edessa, by his own soldiers, headed by Macrinus, the prefect of the pretorium.

Macrinus, the murderer, was then proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers, and continued the war against the Parthians, but without success, and was obliged to purchase peace of them for a enormous sum of money. The Roman senate disliked Macrinus, because being himself a Mauritanian of low origin, he raised vulgar persons to rank and station; and with the soldiers he was unpopular, on account of his harshness. Messa, a sister of Julia Domna, the wife of Septimius Severus, accordingly had no difficulty in exciting the soldiers against him, and persuading them to confer the Imperial dignity upon her own grandson, Elagabalus, a priest of the Sun at Emesa. This happened on the 8th of June, A.D. 218. In the ensuing struggle between the two Emperors, Macrinus and his son Diadumenianus were murdered at Chaledon. The mad and brutal lusts, and the fearful extravagance of Elagabalus, however, soon created universal disgust. It would almost seem that at times he was actually laboring under insanity; he raised his grandmother to the rank of senator, and instituted a senate of ladies to honor his mother, and to determine the fashions and ceremonies. As Messa perceived that the Romans would not tolerate the young and cruel voluntary much longer, she persuaded him to raise Alexander Severus, another grandson: of hers, to the rank of Caesar; Elagabalus complied with the request, but finding that the Caesar daily ran low in popularity, attempted to murder him at last; the pretorian utterly disagreed with him, put him and his mother to death on the 11th of March, A.D. 222.



PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army, by John H. C. Morris, at the Salvation Army Publishing House, 25 Africa Street, Toronto, Ont.

All communications relating to the contents of the WAR CRY, and all editorial, advertising, and other correspondence, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, 25 Africa Street, Toronto, Ont.

All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, despatch, and changes of address, should be addressed to THE SALVATION ARMY PUBLISHING HOUSE, 25 Africa Street, Toronto, Ont.

All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to THE SALVATION ARMY PUBLISHING HOUSE, 25 Africa Street, Toronto, Ont.

All money sent to be written back as by typewritten, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write clearly and legibly. All money sent to be written back as by typewritten, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write clearly and legibly.

10 cents at the rate of one cent postage per two words, if enclosed in a stamped envelope or open wrapper and mailed.

Friend's Copy.



### Stick to the Real.

We are in an age of superficiality. This is not a copyrighted observation, but one, nevertheless, voiced by the best minds of the age, and one that everyday observation drives home to the contemplative mind. To keep up appearances the sterling, thorough-going qualities are sacrificed. Cheap imitation, veneered education, hollow pretensions meet us on every hand. Luxuries have so multiplied, that many formerly unknown have now become necessities, and daily life is occupied with a hundred trivialities and worries to the exclusion of genuine development and growth of the soul. Beware of spending your vitality in fretting and flattery, and forgetting the one thing needful. Let us remember at the beginning of this century that God does not judge by appearances, nor man either, in the end, but sees the real man underneath it. Let us consider our conduct in the light of our conscience, and drive home this need to the world, in order to awaken a genuine revival among the masses and the classes, for there is much apparent and fashionable religion stalking about with much flourish of trumpets and pompous show. Let us strive for a better recognition of the realities of eternity.



### Thanks

We desire to thank officers, soldiers, and friends for the many letters congratulating us on the Christmas War Cry, since we are unable to acknowledge and reply to them all separately. These opinions are appreciated and valued, assuring us that we are in some measure successful in giving the public good value for their money. We also wish to gratefully acknowledge the kind criticism which a number of daily and weekly newspapers published about the Christmas War Cry.

### Winnipeg Christmas Treat.

The ever-up-to-date Major Southall has again managed a great Christmas dinner for the poor of Winnipeg. Over one thousand meals were supplied, and many baskets were sent to the homes of sick and poor families. We expect to have a detailed report of it in our next War Cry.

### Sincere Sympathy.

With deepest sorrow we hear of the double sorrow that has befallen Capt. Huskisson. Only on Christmas Day Major Turner buried her mother, and four days after it a telegram informs us of the death of her father. We are certain that our comrades will uphold the grief-stricken Captain before the throne, that the consolation and grace

of our God may be abundantly manifest to her in her bereavement.

### To Contributors.

Officers, soldiers, and friends will please take note that we are always in need of literary aid in the shape of stories, long and short, articles for soldiers, backsliders, and unbelievers. Life-experiences, sketched incidents, to be written in terse, direct, and interesting style. Please note also, that as a rule, contributions cannot be inserted immediately they reach us, as some imagine. Each manuscript is read, and, if suitable, filed according to its contents. It will then take its turn in publication, unless it is a current topic, when it will at once be sent to the printers for insertion, if acceptable.

### Original Songs.

We have a big stock of original songs on hand. It is a pity that nine out of ten are unsatisfactory, not sufficient care is taken regarding the rhyme and rhythm. We have many songs with a good theme and tune, that are spoiled because some lines have too many, others too few, syllables, or some of the lines rhyme badly, or not at all. We have not, as a rule, time to "fix them up," although we do it occasionally when time permits. If our song-writers would be careful on that point there some other person sing them over to you, which will show up weak points (the quickest) we should be able to publish more original songs every week.



December 31st, 1900

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN.

The week's reports show the situation to be of a see-saw nature. Success and failure alternate on both sides. With the news that a crushing defeat has been inflicted on the two Boer forces invading Cape Colony, comes also the report of the disaster to General Lyttelton at Helvetia. Fifty of his garrison were killed and wounded, and two hundred were taken prisoners. Helvetia is a strong position on the Machado-dor-Lydenburg Railway. The Boer forces in that neighborhood are said to be provided with ammunition and other supplies.—Kimbundu is said to be almost isolated. No man service has reached that place for nearly two weeks, and food stores are reported at famine prices.—Lord Kitchener is personally superintending the subduing of the Cape Colony invaders from De Aar. Boer bodies are reported near Johannesburg, which place is strongly garrisoned.—It is reported that the Cape Dutch are not taking up arms to aid the Boer forces.—A squadron of Yeomanry fell into a trap near Britstown; there were a few casualties, the remaining force was captured, but was since released.—On various occasions Boer forces have been found dressed in khaki.—The Boers found a number of British garrisons in different places, but without success.—General Knox is again face to face with the Boer General, De Wet.—Ficksburg, which has been in the hands of the Boers for some time, has been recaptured by the British.—The Boers at Gouk captured a convoy of twenty-five wagons on Christmas Eve.

### OTHER WAR ITEMS.

The new British Secretary of War, Mr. St. John Brodrick, has demanded the resignation of General Colville on account of the loss of Esomany at Lindley. The General refused to resign and demands a court martial, as he claims he only obeyed orders.—Lord Roberts has received Gibraltar, and is expected in London the first week in January. Great preparations are being made to give the Commander-in-Chief a magnificent reception.—Colonel Otter and some of the Ontario men of the Canadian Contingent returned to their homes on Christmas Day, and received a hearty welcome.—Ex-President Kruger is

said to have given up hopes of intervention, and to have advised the Boer commanders to make peace or fight independently.—A brother of General Louis Botha has arrived at Rome on his way to The Hague with despatches for Mr. Kruger. He claims that the war in South Africa will last for years, and predicts a revolt of the Cape Dutch.—The Government of New Zealand will send drafts fill vacancies in its contingents in South Africa, as well as an additional force of mounted men.

### THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The Chinese Emperor has accepted the preliminary conditions to peace negotiations, submitted by the allies, and has asked for a cessation of hostilities, also urged his envoys to hasten a settlement. It is also reported that the Emperor and Court expect to return to Peking in October.—Prince Tuan and Prince Chang have been arrested by order of the Chinese Government, as a token of their sincere desire to carry out the demands of the allies.—The French inflicted a great defeat upon the Chinese, capturing five flags and a number of guns, after defeating 2,500 men; they suffered much less loss themselves.

### COSMOPOLITAN CLIPPINGS.

A terrible gale has visited the English Channel and has caused great loss of life and property. It is said that this has been the worst disaster known for years. Breakwaters have been wrecked, vessels in harbor driven against each other and sank in collision, and many lives lost without any chance of giving aid. A number of vessels have been missing since the gale, and many bodies have been washed ashore. The regular mail service of the steamers with the Continent had to be suspended for a period.—Lord Armstrong, the inventor of the Armstrong gun and a noted scientist, is dead.—A brother of Andre, the North Pole explorer who ascended in a balloon, but never returned, believes his brother to be dead.—At Constantinople some Turkish soldiers cruelly insulted and ill-treated the British Charge d' Affairs, and other members of the British Embassy. Demands for redress have been made to the Porte.—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is to be married on February 7th.—In the British Navy Yards there are under construction eleven battleships, nineteen cruisers, and fourteen smaller vessels.—The fighting in the Philippine Islands is continually reported. The U. S. A. troops, as a rule, come off victorious, but it is an exasperating warfare, as the enemy generally conceal themselves and retreat before any advance into the mountain fastnesses.—Numbers of fresh numbers of Christians are reported from Armenia and Albania. In the latter province the peasant rising has been subdued with great cruelty. A number of Christians, including women and children, who sought refuge in a church, were burned alive by the Turkish soldiers setting fire to the church and driving the victims, who sought to escape, back into the fire.

### NORTH AMERICAN NOTES.

Some of the London, Ont., postmen have to use hand-carts to deliver the Christmas mail.—The United States has declined to use its influence to settle the boundary trouble between Bolivia and Chile.—Two freight trains collided at St. Thomas. Several cars were derailed and three of them were burned.—Trooper Muller, the blind hero of Winchester, has been paid a gratuity of \$1,000 from the Patriotic Fund.—Fifty thousand cavalry horses and mules have been purchased for the British Army in the United States. It is said that each one of the animals cost the British Government \$300 by the time they were landed in South Africa, and the average service is only six weeks.—Pneumonia is prevalent in Dawson City.

### A FINE GIRL.

Just arrived at the home of Adj't. and Mrs. McGillivray, Bradford, a fine, bouncing baby girl, and "it's the picture of her daddy in a thousand different ways." Mother and baby are doing well.

## Christmas at the Centre

The Commissioner's Christmas Tree for City Officers' Children—Christmas Dinner with the Officers of the City—Items

The Commissioner's Annual Christmas Tree was a very enjoyable affair for both young and old. Tea was served early in the Council Chamber, and during the time consumed in clearing away the tea tables, the little ones played innocent games in the big hall, and ran about in joyful glee, fathers and mothers watching with faces wreathed in smiles. When, at the given signal, the parents and children re-assembled in the Council Chamber, a magic lantern, operated by the Morris Brothers, gave some of animals and arctic landscapes, which were hauled with exclamations of delight, and that the spectators were recognized was evidenced by the imitation calls from the future generation.

After the lights had been turned on again, a telegram from Santa Claus announced his coming, but a telephone message was sent at once to hurry him up. Meantime it commenced to snow on the platform, to the huge delight of the youngsters. A fine, large, and well-decorated Christmas Tree stood on one side, while the other portion of the platform displayed a home scene, with a cozy glow in the fire-place.

Presently the jingle of sleigh-bells and the stamping of animals heard outside, and through the fire-place tumbles Santa Claus with a big bag full of presents, assisted by a little brownie.

Santa Claus made a nice speech, and personally distributed a present from the Commissioner to each child, supplemented afterwards by a bag of candies. The children were all pleased, and with a prayer by the Commissioner, the happy gathering came to a conclusion in good time.

### The Officers' Dinner.

Friday evening an excellent spread was provided for the city officers in the Council Chamber, followed by the usual Christmas gathering.

There was certainly a pleasant spirit of comradeship and good feeling in general in evidence. Songs, choruses, and specifications followed each other, and there is no doubt but that every one present, not only thoroughly enjoyed the meeting, but left with a definite blessing.

Staff-Capt. Manton led off with an original talk of his visit to England and the blessing it had brought to him. Many original, enjoyable, and instructive things were said by the various speakers, such as Mrs. Head, Adj't. D. Creighton, Major Turner, Staff-Capt. Page, Mrs. Margate, Major Pickering, Mrs. Stanton, and others.

The Chief Secretary thought the present a model combination, and after reviewing eleven or twelve years of his personal experience of the R. A. war in Canada, he thought we were in the best of fighting trim. To understand the Army, or any other concern for that matter, one must look at it from the inside, and this he could do. He thanked God that the Commissioner was still with us, and that he belonged to the world-wide Army.

The Commissioner's rising was the signal for prolonged applause. "I must have the Saviour with me," was the verse that our leader requested us to sing, and on it clinged her remarks. She advised and desired that humility and almost dependence upon the Saviour, which darts no advance without His guidance and presence.

What we wanted to day, was men and women who are not blind to their responsibilities. Responsibility grinds out thought, throws out strength, hardens the mind, widens experience, and broadens judgment.

The Commissioner's talk was a pained blessing and inspiration to her officers, who know how to appreciate these gatherings with their beloved leader.

### The City Corps.

All the city corps had a Christmas tree for their Juniors, and report enjoyable and successful demonstrations. The Temple, especially, had an elaborate celebration. Holly and evergreen was abundantly used for tasteful decoration, and the whole Junior Staff worked hard and willingly to make a very creditable meeting.

How the Money for the  
20,000 of New York

### UNITED

The great Staff has been full of interest, attended with many important subjects the three days Commander and

The week from is to be observed Prayer and Reading the United States

The Cherry Tree has just been con- Hall, under the Consul, has great and glorious Sage graced the appropriate address

The latest field American Field in Provinces comprising in charge of a army been forming the latter reporting quarters.

A stupendous given to 20,000 the Salvation Army. Over 3,000 guests at the Madison 3,200 baskets in the same place individuals. Some of the preparations the following it on this great Turkey . . . . . Chicken . . . . . Beef, mutton, . . . . . Beans, coffee, . . . . . each Candle . . . . . Nv's . . . . . Vegetables . . . . . Potatoes . . . . . Sugar . . . . . Apples . . . . . Pies . . . . .

It will be no fruits, etc., etc. They will, however, leave the rest. It leaves 1,000 Colonel Hol Wood have been ment of the Madison Squares.

The Three just conclude Colonel Hins been seen the most of the Army

The new A published by quarters.

The fate J in a rich in a work in the

er's Annual Christmas enjoyable affair for old. Tea was served in the Chamber and followed in clearing away. Little ones played in the big hall, and many fathers and mothers wreathed in smiles, in signal, the parents assembled in the Council lantern, operated by "stars," gave some views of little landscapes, which exclamations of delight, voices were recognized in the imitation calls of generation.

had been turned on from Santa Claus arriving, but a telephone commenced to snow the huge delight of fine, large, and well-Tree stood on one corner portion of the home scene, with the fire-place.

of sleigh-bells and bells are heard outside, places tumbles Santa Claus full of presents round.

a nice speech, and produced a present from each child, supplied by a bag of candies.

pleased, and with

missioner, the happy conclusion in good

Dinner.

an excellent spread city officers in the followed by the usual

for a pleasant spirit good feeling in general choruses, and each other, and that every one enjoyed the in a definite sense.

led off with an order to England and brought to him able and instructed by the various Road, Adj't, D. Major Staff Captain Major Pickering, etc.

thought the present combination, eleven or twelve experiences of the he thought we fitting time.

or any other con- one must look at this he could do. The Commissioner that he belonged

rising was the please, "I met me," was the requested us to other remarks. She at timidity and in the Savoie, without His

was men and to their re- dility grinds out strength, hardens e, and broadens

was a prized to her officers. These these gather- leader.

a Christmas and report en- demonstrations, and an elaborate evergreen, was full decoration. Worked hard very creditable



How the Money for the Christmas Dinner for 20,000 of New York's Poor was Collected.

#### UNITED STATES.

The great Staff Congress just closed has been full of important features and attended with much success. Many important subjects were dealt with at the three days' Councils, led by the Commander and Consul.

The week from January 6th to 12th is to be observed as a Special Week of Prayer and Reconciliation throughout the United States.

The Cherry Tree Home gate, which has just been concluded in the Memorial Hall, under the personal supervision of the Consul, has been pronounced a great and glorious success. Mrs. Russell Sage graced the occasion and made an appropriate address.

The latest feature introduced on the American field in the Provincial system, Provinces comprising several Divisions, in charge of a Provincial Officer, have been formed, and Chief Divisions, the latter reporting direct to National Head-quarters.

A stupendous Christmas feast will be given to 20,000 of New York's poor, by the Salvation Army, at an early date. Over 3,000 guests will be entertained at the Madison Square Garden, and 3,200 boxes will be distributed from the same place, with food for 16,000 individuals. Some idea of the enormity of the preparations can be formed from the following items necessary to provision this great banquet:

Turkey .....	4,089 lbs.
Chickens .....	9,000 lbs.
Beef, mutton, or pork .....	5,000 lbs.
Beans, coffee, and other articles each .....	1,000 lbs.
Candles .....	2,000 lbs.
Nuts .....	2,000 lbs.
Vegetables .....	3,000 lbs.
Potatoes .....	500 lbs.
Sugar .....	12 lbs.
Apples .....	50 lbs.
Pies .....	1,200

It will be noticed that milk, butter, fruits, etc., have not been mentioned. They will, however, be proportionate to the rest. It is estimated that 8,000 loaves of bread will be required.

Colonel Holland and Staff-Capt. Sam Wood have been allotted the management of the great free dinner at the Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Three Days' Soldiers' Congress, just concluded by the Commander and Colonel Higgins, in Philadelphia, has been the most memorable in the history of the Army in that city.

The new Annual Report has just been published by the New York Trade Headquarters.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

The late Junior Campaign has resulted in a rich harvest of young souls, and a general advancement of the Junior work in the Territory.



A big program has been arranged for the Seven Days' Congress to be held in Cape Town. Over 100 Staff and Field Officers will take part.

Plans for the coming Self-Denial effort are already under discussion.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

The Christmas number of the Social Gazette is a worthy production. Its illustrations front page, and general illustrations, make it in every sense a holiday number. Among others of its seasonal contents are two letters from the General: One a message of hope to the occupants of the Shelters at Christmas time, and the other a special appeal to our friends asking for aid on behalf of the submerged.

The London Christmas War Cry has on a special coat of many colors, in the shape of a cover added to the regulation sixteen-page number. The frontispiece illustrates an Indian harvest after the recent famine. The contents are exciting, being a choice selection from our best British writers. The General contributes "The Stone Christ;" the Chief of the Staff also has an article, "In Expected Places." Commissioner Railton, Colonel Wilson, and Brigadier Moore are represented, while the lineage of the contributions is chiefly by the "initials."

#### AUSTRALASIA.

The Cup-night Celebration, conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, in the Melbourne Town Hall, was attended

by an enormous crowd, and was the scene of great enthusiasm.

The Indian boys have just concluded their tour in Queensland, which was magnificently blessed of God. They will next visit New Zealand.

The Headquarters' Staff Band has put in a lot of hard work in connection with the Self-Denial appeal just closed.

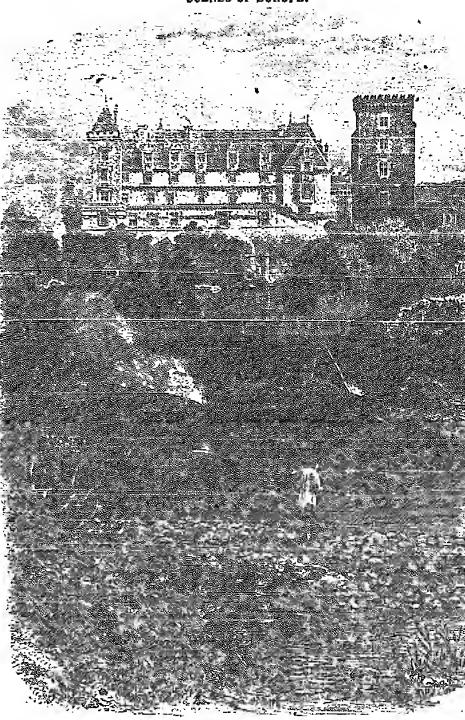
Lient. Fontaine and his assistant traveled 192 miles by horse, and about 97 in the bush, from shearing shed to shearing shed, in the interests of the above-mentioned effort.

#### A Prodigal's Letter.

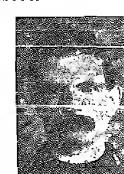
(Extract.)

"I can never forget the day I stepped back from the ranks. I went out thinking that I had made a mistake. In a dark hour I trusted too much to self, I did not look to God, and that caused me to give in. God only knows the bitter experience I had to go through after I left the dear Army. I felt I had forfeited all I had—I had sold my birthright to the Kingdom of Heaven. I did not know how to value my position as an officer, and the inestimable worth, the blessed privilege God had given me. I believe this experience of mine will make me more than ever to be a greater blessing than I have ever been to all. What sad and irrecoverable experiences I had to pass through; but, God be praised that He has given me another opportunity to fight for Him in the ranks of the Salvation Army."

#### SCENES OF EUROPE.



Chateau de Pau, France.



Major and Mrs. Johnson.  
Recently Married at New York.



Major and Mrs. Johnson.  
Recently Married at New York.

Over 1,200 poor people received a good dinner at the Salvation Army barracks yesterday. The crowd was greatly in excess of last year, and the excellent dinner given was greatly enjoyed. Small packages of candies were distributed to all who went in. Much credit is due to the officers and girls of the barracks, who labored incessantly all day for the benefit of their guests.—Winnipeg Tribune, Dec. 26th.



#### The Commissioner.

Will Visit and Conduct Meetings as Follows:

##### BRANTFORD,

Tuesday, January 15th.

##### MONTRÉAL,

Sunday, Jan. 27th—Afternoon and Night in the Windsor Hall.

Monday, Jan. 28th.

##### Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER.—Hamilton, 1st, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 12, 13; Hamilton, 11, Mon., Jan. 14; Dundas, Tues., Jan. 15.

THE DYNAMIC TROUPE.—Midland, Fri., Jan. 11, to Thurs., Jan. 17; Barrie, Fri., Jan. 18, to Thurs., Jan. 24; Collingwood, Fri., Jan. 25, to Thurs., Jan. 31; Neuford, Fri., Feb. 1, to Thurs., Feb. 7; Owen Sound, Fri., Feb. 8, to Thurs., Feb. 14.

##### West Ontario Province.

THE SOUL-SAVING TROUPE will visit: Ingersoll, Jan. 8 to 13; Woodstock, Jan. 14 to 20; Paris, Jan. 21 to 28; Galt, Jan. 29 to Feb. 3; Hespeler, Feb. 4 to 10; Guelph, Feb. 11 to 17. Night-Night of Prayer every Monday night.

##### Mrs. Reed at Picton.

Picton's Pioneer Officer Buck Again for a Visit.

Lient.-Colonel Mrs. Read, who, as Capt. Goodall, opened this corps over 16 years ago, has just paid us a visit. From the start to the finish her meetings were an unequalled success.

It was a beautiful tribute to the affectionate natures of the Picton people, to observe the way they turned out to welcome back their old-time leader. The barracks was nicely filled on Saturday night, and completely packed on Sunday afternoon and night; at the latter meeting hundreds were turned away.

Mrs. Read handled her different subjects with great skill, and the power of God was seen working in the sinners' hearts. In the afternoon a dear Junior came to the Merry Seat voluntarily, and at night a backslighter of some long standing came home.

Monday night Mrs. Read addressed a large audience in the Methodist Church, the meeting being ably presided over by Mr. Harry McMillan.

Through Mrs. Read's kindness in coming we were enabled to wipe off a large debt which has burdened the corps, for which we say "Praise God!"

Since these meetings four men, who almost yielded in Mrs. Read's meetings, have got saved.—Mandolin and Jew's Harp.

## The "Darkest England" Scheme Up to Date.

(Continued from page 3.)

Here is the information given by one bright, sharp-witted boy of fourteen years:

"Parents?"

"Dead, sir."

"How long ago?"

"Father died in the Workhouse of D.T.'s." (These boys know the abbreviations for all kinds of horrors.)

"And your mother?"

"She died of rheumatics, sir, through hawking and boozing."

"What standard did you pass at school, Harry?"

"The fourth, sir, and then I walked it. Never been since."

THE SLUM ANGEL'S WORK.

Major Bond writes of "The Little Thing Tommy Left behind Him" as follows:



"The Little Thing."

My acquaintance with the Little Thing, whose portrait is herewith printed, came about in this way: A few weeks ago, an Officer entered my office, and asked me to run down to Mrs. Colonel Hay's room for a few minutes. (Mrs. Colonel Hay is the Chief Officer of the London Slum Work). I made the necessary descent, and found myself face to face with the Little Thing. To say I received a shock is putting it very mildly. I never thought a baby could be so reduced and yet live.

The photograph falls far short of the original. The child was twelve months old, and did not weigh thirteen pounds. The average weight of a healthy child of that age is, of course, twenty-one pounds. Its bony little body was mere skin and bones; anything more like an Indian Famine child it is difficult to imagine.

It was speckled and pitted all over from the ravages of vermin, and its drawn, parchment-like face, with the bright eyes, large head, and small neck, made it appear for all the world like an unfledged birdling. On the table lay its feeding-bottle, containing a quantity of water, with the faintest discoloration of condensed milk. This was its food! A dirty, ragged petticoat and vest were its entire clothing.

In this condition the Slum Officer had discovered it, lying on a bag of straw, all alone, in the top room of a tenement house, down a slim court.

After hunting up the mother, the Slum Officer brought the Little Thing to the Medical Officer at the International Headquarters, who pronounced it to be in a dying condition, but prescribed a course of treatment for it; and the Slum Captain took it to her own quarters.

The story of the mother is a sample of the heart-breaking misery to which the poor of London are chained. The Army finally took the mother into a



Waiting for the Captain to Start the Meeting.

### A FEW FIGURES SHOWING SOME OF THE WORK OF The Darkest England Scheme in the United Kingdom.

	In 1900.	Total since beginning of the Scheme.
Number of Meals Supplied at Cheap Food Depots	2,463,892	29,277,377
Cheap Lodgings for the Homeless	1,567,562	12,725,524
Meetings held in Shelters	15,427	73,874
Amount of Cash received from the people for Food and Lodgings	£32,745 15s.	£331,187 15s.
Number of Applications from Unemployed registered at Labor Bureaux	11,282	123,099
" received into Factories	3,042	25,918
" for whom Employment (temporary and permanent) has been found	9,476	99,750
" of Ex-Criminals received into Homes	325	4,823
" Ex-Criminals passed through Homes, restored to friends, sent to situations, etc.	182	3,218
" Applications for Lost Persons	3,569	22,109
" Lost Persons found	1,214	8,180
" Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes	2,460	20,100
" Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes who were sent to situations, restored to friends, etc.	2,135	16,501
" Families visited in Slums	59,718	100,018
" Families prayed with	41,951	73,931
" Public-Houses visited	45,103	136,631
" Lodging-Houses visited	295	535
" Lodging-House Meetings held	251	407
" Sick people visited and nursed	1,777	3,649

Home to prepare her for service, and the Little Thing is thriving under the care of an Army nurse.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.

The incidents of Rescue Work, tales of Women's Shelters and Maternity Hospitals, etc., are all fascinating, and calculated to arouse sympathy for the victims and genuine admiration for the devoted women who have consecrated their lives to this truly Christ-like work, and above all, our praises to God who raised up and inspired our loved Lord to organise this grand Army to save men's souls and bodies.

#### DESERTED BY HUSBAND.

Deserted by her husband; cast out by unloving parents; scorned by everyone, and soon to become a mother, Mrs. Oliver B. Moss, aged about 17 years, wandered about the streets of Waterford a few nights ago. The girl was poorly clothed, her garments being but rags in the form of a dress. The rents in the rags exposed the tender flesh to the bitter cold and driving snow. The pangs of hunger tormented her; the scorn of passers-by angered her, and the thoughts of a night in the streets added to her grief. It is written that the "darkest hour is just before the dawn," and the saying is oftentimes true. About mid-night Mrs. Capt. William Tremblath

of the Salvation Army, found the homeless girl and took her to Capt. Tremblath's home, at No. 10 Polk Street.

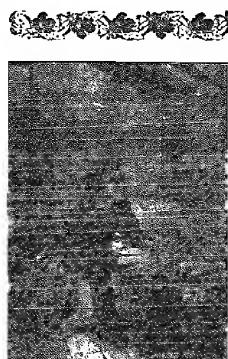
To go back. The beginning of the girl's misfortune dates back to March last, when she became the wife of Oliver Moss. Moss is about 56 years old and came to this city about two years ago to build trestles for the Black River Traction Company's Dexter extension. He purchased a lot on the corner of State St. and Indiana Ave., and began the erection of a \$5,000 house. While engaged in the erection of the house he also became engaged to Clara, the 17-year-old daughter of Frank and Anna C——. Moss and the girl were unmarried, despite the disparity of their ages, and resided at the C—— residence. The couple lived in married bliss for three weeks, when the husband left the wife and took up his headquarters at Mack's hotel, on Court St. On June 13, he left the city and has not been heard from since.

For a time Mrs. Moss lived with her parents and a little later went out to work. She worked at different places until her secret was learned and then she was cast out upon the streets. It was thus that Mrs. Tremblath found the girl. She was taken to the good woman's house, where she was clothed and fed, and by soliciting among friends of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Tremblath secured funds, and Saturday night left with the girl for Philadelphia, Pa., where the girl will be placed in the Salvation Army Rescue Home for deserted women. The unfortunate girl will be cared for until she is once more able to go out into the world and earn her own livelihood.

If anybody knows herself to be in a false position let her step out of it. If anybody has been unkind or inconsiderate, or self-absorbed, or morbid, or ungenerous, let her quickly kneel and tell the Lord that she is penitent and ask His forgiveness, and then, in His strength, let her turn over her new leaf. But all this should be done quietly—not with a flourish of trumpets—Margaret Sangster, in the January Ladies' Home Journal.



At 1 a.m. in Regent Hall Oxford Street



Despair.



Some Waifs Under Our Care.



#### Eastern P.

ADJT. DOWELL  
North Sydney, C. I. and How to Get Him  
that was announced and Adj't. and Mr. panelled by Capt. L. Clark were the visitors  
had not been to months, thought he  
the way the Adj't. subject. Capt. \_\_\_\_\_  
try and keep on the D. O. to ensure three  
men. Sunday day of victory. Capt. \_\_\_\_\_  
has just arrived f  
was with us all day  
battle at night two  
vocation. Finances  
Thompson,

#### THE WORK

Kentville, N. S. speckled you had on  
came the victory  
other day. "None  
We are flourishing  
last weekend, and  
—A. J. Ross, R. C.

#### Newf.

TWO SOULS  
Catalina, N. J. victory. God's Spirit  
hearts of the uns  
joy of seeing two  
for pardon. May  
diers of the cross  
for greater victory

#### A NEW SET

FROM  
St. Johns, N. B. a grand  
many souls are g  
the most week  
Christ and twenty  
the blessing of b  
attendants are s  
lections for the v  
The new brass l  
just arrived from  
every way up to  
and friends are r  
Much credit is d  
splendid get-up o  
McLean, Adj't.

#### BETTER

Gooseberry Island  
a day of blessing  
being felt in all



## Eastern Province.

## ADJT. DOWELL'S LECTURE.

North Sydney, C. B.—"A Bible Wite, and How to Get Her," was the subject that was announced for Thursday night, and Adj't. and Mrs. Dowell, accompanied by Capt. Leadley and Lieut. Clark were the visitors. One man who had not been to the Army for six months, thought he would like to hear the lecture. He was well satisfied with the way the Adjutant dealt with his subject. Capt. —— thought he would try and keep on the right side of the D. O. to ensure three stations as a married man. Sunday was a most blessed day of victory. Capt. Greenleaf, who has just arrived from Newfoundland, was with us all day. After a strong battle at night two souls professed salvation. Finances tip-top. — G. P. Thompson.

## THE WORK FLOURISHING.

Kentville, N. S.—"Who were the spirits that you had on Sunday afternoon?" came the enquiry from an outsider the other day. "None at all," was the reply. We are flourishing just now. Two souls last weekend, and the work still goes on.—A. Jess, R. C.

## Newfoundland.

## TWO SOULS SEEK PARDON.

Catina, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of victory. God's Spirit worked upon the hearts of the unsaved, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls crying for pardon. May they prove true soldiers of the cross. We are believing for greater victories.—Lieut. Snow.

## A NEW SET OF INSTRUMENTS FROM ENGLAND.

St. John's, Nfld.—Old No. 1. is holding its own. A grand work is going on and many souls are getting saved. During the past week twenty have decided for Christ and twenty others have sought the blessing of holiness. The open-air attendances are splendid. Our total collections for the week amounted to \$72. The new brass band instruments have just arrived from England, and are in every way up to date. The comrades and friends are delighted with them. Much credit is due to I. H. Q. for the splendid get-up of the whole set.—J. S. McLean, Adj't.

## BETTER ON BEFORE.

Grosberry Island, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of blessing, much of God's power being felt in all the meetings. In the

afternoon we rejoiced over two Juniors coming to the fold. At night a poor backslider claimed pardon. We are believing for better times. Praise God for what He has done, and for what He is going to do.—M. Noel, Lieut.

## A SPECIAL TIME.

Heart's Delight.—We are still pressing on at this corps. God is on our side and victory is sure. Since you last heard from us we have had a very special time, in the shape of a cake sale, which was enjoyed by all. Our friends gave a good collection, which went to purchase lamps for the barracks. Sunday we had the joy of seeing two souls come home. Our Lieutenant is the right man in the right place. God bless him.—Cadet H. Wiltshire.

## Central Ontario Province.

## GOD IS PROSPERING HIS WORK.

Little Current.—We praise God for ten souls since last report. We are having good success in our work among the people and God is blessing us. Good crowds attend the meetings, and the soldiers are all on fire. We are determined to go ahead.—Lieut. J. Marskill.

## STARTING THE BRASS BAND.

Bowmanville is a very good town. The people are kind and love the S. A., consequently we are making good progress. Staff-Capt. Stanton has paid us a visit. His meetings were very impressive. The soldiers were inspired, converts blessed, and one sinner saved. We wish the Staff-Captain to come again and bring Mrs. Stanton with him. We are re-organizing the brass band, and fully expect a prosperous winter. To God be the glory for victories won.—Capt. and Mrs. Howell.

## East Ontario Province.

## BUILDING CROWDED, MANY TURNED AWAY.

Morrisburg.—We are still marching on to war. On Friday night we held a meeting at the outpost, Capt. Weir, the Hallelujah Scotchman, to the front. Hall crowded, and many had to go away unable to get in. Finances good, and the best of all, three precious souls plunged into the Fountain. Blessed time here on Sunday. Devil again defeated, when two sin-burdened souls sought deliverance. One, a brother of two of our officers, who for the first time prayed the penitent's prayer, and, thank God, his prayer was heard. The other was the prayer of a backslider, which was heard. Praise the Lord!—M. E. Cook, Capt.

## KEEP BELIEVING.

Caribou—We are still alive here in Caribou. The enemy is very much in evidence, and so is Dad Leighton, who is always ready to give the devil a few good knocks whenever he has a chance. We are believing for good times this winter.—R. Grego.

## THEIR NEW CAPTAIN.

Millbrook.—We can report victory for this weekend. We have just welcomed Capt. Redburn to Millbrook. We had a high old time. God came very near and three souls sought salvation.—Auto-harp.

## A DOCTOR, METHODIST, AND TWO SALVATIONISTS AT KNEE-DRILL.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.—With all the difficulties we have to encounter in this city, the Lord is opening up the way.

Saturday and Sunday Capt. Weir, of Prescott, was with us and we had blessed times. On Saturday night the Captain spoke on a woman's revenge, which was very much enjoyed. Sunday was a light, from 7 a.m. till 11 p.m., but, praise God, two souls surrendered. Capt. Blosa was invited over to Prescott for Christmas, and on his return, when opening the door of his quarters, he held a cheque for \$10 when some kind friend had sent along. I can imagine the Captain's joy on opening the envelope. Praise the Lord, He is good to His people.—It. C.

## West Ontario Province.

## APPRECIATE THE CHRISTMAS CRY.

Blenheim.—The Christmas Cry and supplement were beauties, and without doubt, the best yet. They were much appreciated in Blenheim. We were delayed in getting our supply, but under the able management of Capt. Mathers we were enabled to dispose of 137 copies, thus beating previous years by 30 copies. None were left for Sunday. Stanley Rumble, a Junior, 11 years of age, took orders for 34 copies. Can anyone beat this?—Lieut. Groom.



Baptist Carrie Stalzer.

## North-West Province.

## A VISIT FROM ADJT. MELALE.

Dauphin, Man.—Since reporting last Friday, Ensign Perry has visited us with his lantern. The service entitled "Poor Mike" was enjoyed, and one soul sought salvation. This week we have rejoiced over two coming for salvation, and nine for sanctification. On Sunday last Adj't. Melale was with us. His meeting closed with one soul in the Fountain. Praise the Lord! The devil is being defeated, and we are looking for a harvest of souls.—Thomas F. Stuckey, R. C.

## SOULS! SOULS!! SOULS!!!

Lethbridge.—During the past few weeks we have had one continual run of soul-saving. The returning of some of our comrades was in direct answer to the many prayers which have from time to time ascended the thrones on their behalf. Others have come out for full consecration. Many have been saved, and today are living evidences of the realities of a Christian experience. God bless the converts. Ere this appears our Christmas festivities will be over, and in my next report I hope to furnish an account of another glorious defeat over the devil. Ensign Perry, our T. F. S.

who is expected to farewell from the N.W. Province, will have spent another Christmas with us.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

## A CHARGE OF THE RED-HOT BRIGADE.

Larimore.—Peter said, "I think it meet to stir you up" (11. Peter 1. 13.) In this spirit our dear comrades who travel under the name of the Red-Hot Brigade, came to Larimore, and God has in a very special manner poured out His Spirit. Truly it might be said, as of Paul's special meetings (Acts x. 23) "There arose no small stir about that way." Christians from nearly every denomination in the city were found seeking the blessing of a clean heart, and several precious souls caught salvation and are rejoicing in the love of Jesus. Many, including your correspondent, took Illus. a Physician for body, as well as soul, and some proved where quidines failed. Christ could often heal. The children were not overlooked, and during the series of special meetings ten dear children accepted Jesus. We have reluctantly said good-bye to our comrades. May God continue to bless and prosper them, and may many souls through their efforts rise up to glorify our Heavenly Father, is the prayer of their many friends and comrades in Larimore. We are looking forward to even greater victories in the future, for God is with us.—Carrie E. Burrager, Capt.

## A GOOD WEEK, THE RED-HOT BRIGADE LEADING.

Devil's Lake.—The Red-Hot Brigade has been here and a mark for God and eternity has been made. Their meetings resulted in two souls seeking sanctification and six claiming salvation. An all-alive salvation effort, as put forth by our comrades, is just what is wanted exceedingly. God bless them! We were favored with fine weather. The Brigade came at the finish of a storm and had an exceptionally fine week, but went away just as another storm was commencing to rage. Crowds and finances doubled for the week, and afternoon open-air were the order of the week. Both saved and unsaved would be glad to see our comrades again.—Wilkins and wife.

## A VISIT FROM ENSIGN PEIRTY.

Prince Albert.—We have been favored with another visit from Ensign Perry, who has just spent five days with us. The meetings were good. Although the light of late has been hard, God has come to our help. Our last convert on Sunday night was a Junior only seven years old, who was anxious of saving Jesus. May He keep her true. A good crowd attended the lantern service on Monday night. Tuesday night was the Ensign's farewell meeting. We wish him God's blessing.—Killa Seales.

## Pacific Province.

## GOING FOR SOULS.

Spokane, Wash.—Three souls came to God last Thursday. Some of our comrades who have been hiding their light under a bushel are manfully helping our dear Captain, now that she is in charge during the absence of Staff-Capt. Galt. Adj't. Dodd and his wife help us as often as they possibly can. Neither of them are blessed with the best of health, but, praise God, they are both willing to share the fight under all circumstances. They are in charge of the Social work here, and God has blessed them spiritually, and we trust that He will bless them physically. We are hungry for souls, and through His Divine power we are going to have our hunger satisfied.—Joe Logan.

Capt. Johnson,  
Women's Shelter, Toronto.

## At the Old Men's Home, KAMLOOPS.

Away on the line of the C. P. R., nestled in the mountains, lies the town of Kamloops, and here the Provincial Government of British Columbia has chosen to build the "Old Men's Home." It is a very prettily-designed building from the outside, and with the nice garden in front and the rising hills at the back, it has a very charming appearance, and adds much to the beauty of the town. Ensign Fitzpatrick did a thorough, lasting work for God while stationed at Kamloops, and started holding meetings at the above-mentioned Home, which were appreciated very much.

The writer has a liking for these meetings, and so, being appointed to the corps here, went to see the superintendent of the Institution as to whether meetings could not be commenced again. He most gladly consented and arranged the meeting for Wednesday afternoon. Accordingly at the appointed time a few soldiers and friends, Cadet Sweet and myself, were seen wending their steps toward the Home.

The Superintendent, with a glad smile upon his countenance, made us welcome, saying that the old men had been

### Anxiously Waiting for Us

and looking out of the windows ever since dinner.

On what a treat and privilege, speak of His love to these forty or more old men, the majority of them grey-haired, some with defective eye-sight, others their hearing gone, and some on crutches. They filled every available seat in the cozy meeting-hall, and stretched forward to catch every word that was said, and every now and again one or two would burst out in tears as the hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit's power would steal over the meeting. Those men, perhaps, represented a different class in what one finds in institutions of this kind: they were men who had braved the hardships of pioneering this country; they have penetrated the thick brush-climbed the mountains, prospected the hills, forded the streams, followed the trails, built their little huts, enduring much privation, and sometimes only having the canopy of heaven over them as a covering, until we see, as a result of their work, prosperous little towns dotted here and there throughout the country, backed up by mines which are ever increasing in their value, and valleys that are producing grain, vegetables, fruits, etc., for the thrifty miner. It is only reasonable that these dear old "pioneers" should be well looked after.

### Well, How About Their Souls?

Ah! it is hard to bemoan the "old oak," but some of them were suet down, and like the mighty trees waving with the wind, were moved under the impulse of the warm breezes of heaven. One old man said, "I have been well off and had lots of fun as a sowing keeper, and had an easy time, but through my wickedness God is now rewarding me." I could not help but think of what the preacher said:

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." And what we sow we reap.

They took up the singing well, and listened attentively to the testimonies of the few comrades who were there, and enjoyed a solo sung by one. We are believing that these meetings will prove a great blessing to these men in their old age, and a means of salvation to some. God grant that it may be so.—F. R. Blosse, Ensign.

### A CORNISH PASTY SOCIAL.

Butter, Mont.—We're still marching on in spite of all the enemy may do to hinder us. On Saturday night we had a Cornish Pasty Social, and an enjoyable time we had. In the Sunday afternoon meeting a gentleman requested Mrs. Ayre to sing, "Where is my wandering boy?" While the beautiful song was being sung this brother was seen wiping the tears from his eyes. May God soon bring him to Himself. On Sunday night Lieut. Ellwood, who has

only been with us the short period of seven months, said good-bye for another part of the battlefield. May the blessing of God go with her. Since the Lieutenant has been here she has endeared herself to both soldiers and friends, and has been faithful to her charge. I am informed that the Christmas War Cry is a dandy. We are all anxious to see it.—K. Prusse, R. C. C.

### ADJ'T. MCGILL'S HOME-COMING.

Nelson, B. C.—"Hurrah for Nelson!" This is how I felt when I returned from Manitoba a few days ago, leaving the snow and ice behind and stepping into an open-air meeting where everybody was dressed in summer attire and the brass band was discoursing sweet music, and the soldiers testifying of victory. The converts were in evidence—men who had been saved during my absence. What a welcome! I tell you, they know how to do it in the Kootenay. A coffee social followed the meeting, which was very enjoyable as well as profitable. The work has not only gone on, but gone up, during my absence. Bandmaster Fred has been working hard with the bands and their playing is, to say the least, inspiring. The Juniors are doing well, also Band of Love. Mr. Billington deserves credit for the way in which he has taken hold of the work allotted to him, viz., the formation of a library. Nelson is not behind, but quite up to date. Here you will find a people who are fully posted on matters that pertain to the war. We believe in the importance of wholesome reading. Little Walter Ernest Frost was dedicated to God on Sunday afternoon. Bro. and Sister Frost said they were glad to have the privilege of giving their baby to the Lord. They had settled it long ago that they, and all they had, was to be a continual offering to God. We had an enrolment on Thursday evening, when Bros. Walton, Garland, and Hawcock took their stand as soldiers. Need less to say, I am glad to get back, and will do my best to help push on the Gospel chariot.—T. J. McGill, Adj't.

### AFTER THE SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Vancouver, B. C.—We go on just the same, after the Big Ge is over, and after our leaders are gone. The devil is getting mad, but we are glad. Souls who have been held by Satan's chains are proving the power of God to save them from sin. We are going on in the night of Jehovah.—B. Norman, R. C.

### GREAT REJOICING.

Missoula, Mont.—There was great rejoicing last Monday night when two previous souls surrendered to the Master, and got nicely saved. They are now praising God for victory. God's wonderful power is being manifested in our midst and sinners are beginning to tremble. Praise the Lord!—J. H. F., R. C.

He that attempts to get rid of his fears by running from God, will infallibly increase them.

The great possessions even of this world are not for sale to the highest bidder. They cannot be bought with money.—January Ladies' Home Journal.



"That is well, Dina! read the War Cry and the Bible and you will suit me very well."

### A TEMPLE WEDDING CONDUCTED BY COLONEL JACOBS.

Ten Sons Sing at Salvo on at the Close.

Weddings are interesting at all times, but then when it comes to having one at your own corps, in which all old comrades is to take a leading part, you could hardly stay away. The one about which I am going to tell you took place at the Temple on Sunday, Dec. 17th, and was conducted by Colonel Jacobs. The interested parties were Bro. Darr, Tucker, J. N. S. M., of the Temple, and Sister Little Behan, of Yorkville corps. They have both been faithful warriors of the above-mentioned corps for some years.



Bro. D. and Mrs. Tucker.

The meeting started off with a good swing. The Colonel was in the best of spirits. A large number of the city officers and soldiers were present, the city corps being closest for the occasion. The Colonel was assisted by Mrs. Jacobs, Major Turner, Staff-Capt. Stanhope, and others. After the preliminaries were over, the Colonel read the Articles of Marriage, and proceeded with the service. The "I wills" were spoken clearly and firmly.

After the ceremony was over the Colonel called upon Capt. LeCarron, the host man, to have a few words. He said he had sent a goodly number of 50-pounds off in his day, and had never blushed, but it would not take much to scare him then. He was very pleased to be present. Wished our comrades much joy.

Bandmaster Hilde made a very pleasant speech on behalf of the Temple corps. Sister Hudgson, who was bedridden, spoke on behalf of the Yorkville corps. Mrs. Jacobs also spoke. The Colonel introduced her as "Mother," as the Colonel said the bride had been living with them for about seven years; he thought Mrs. Jacobs could well be called her mother. Mrs. Jacobs spoke in glowing terms of the bride; she was a thrifty house keeper and she was all right. She predicted a happy career for them.

The Colonel's Bible reading was superb, and resulted in prompting several souls to seek Christ. After a good, lively, and well-fought prayer meeting, led by the Colonel, ten souls came forward.

We all join with each other in wishing our comrades much happiness and the continual blessing of God. I also might add that the crowd taxed the full seating capacity of the Jubilee Hall. The Juniors on the platform was a pleasing feature of the meeting.—P.

### Plants Require Plenty of Fresh Air.

"Sometimes plants fail to do well because they are not given enough air," writes Gen. B. Rexford, in the January Ladies' Home Journal. Plants breathe, just as we do, bring down air unless they can have a sufficient amount of pure oxygen to answer the demands of their nature they will not grow, because they cannot grow. Make it a rule to admit pure fresh air every pleasure day into the rooms in which your plants are growing. Very often plants fail to grow because they are small, young specimens which have been planted in large pots. Small plants are injured greatly by this

treatment—indeed, they are often killed by it, because their few young, tender roots are not able to appropriate the nutrient contained in a large amount of earth, and, as a natural consequence, the tender plants are overfed. They cannot digest all the food forced upon them, and vegetable dyspepsia results. Use small pots for small plants, and shift, from time to time, to larger sizes as the old pots are filled with roots."

### FEED THE HUNGRY

Is a Divine Injunction Heeded by the Salvation Army.

Average of 45 Meals Served Daily—Paid for by Sawing Wood at Prevailing Prices.

(From the Dawson Nugget.)

"What is the show for getting a supper and a place to sleep?"

"Very good, sir, very good."

The first speaker was a Nugget reporter, and the second was Adj't. Barr, of the Salvation Army, the time being last night and the place the dining-room of that institution, which is located near Mission Street.

Continuing, the reporter, who represented himself as being hungry, weary, and generally on the decline, inquired on what terms the entertainment could be had, to which the Adj't. replied:

"We will give you a supper and a comfortable place to sleep, and a breakfast in the morning, when you will owe us \$1.25, which is 50 cents each for the meal and 25 cents for the bed. After breakfast you will be expected to go down on the bench to our woodpile and saw enough wood to pay for what you have had. We allow \$0 per cord for sawing 16-inch wood and \$8 per cord when it is sawed at 12-inch lengths."

"In case I board with you for several days, what kind of grub may I expect?" asked the man who could not see a card of time between now and St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

"Well, sir," replied the Adj't., "we will give you three square meals every day consisting of bread, soup, meat, potatoes (sometimes macaroni) and sometimes evaporated milk, pie or cake, tea or coffee, butter, etc. The bed you will occupy will be very comfortable, we suppose, much joy."

Saying that he was in a fair way to get his name in the pot for supper if he kept on, the reporter then explained to the Adj't. his business, and from him received some interesting information relative to the great work which the Army is accomplishing in this city.

An average of fifteen men are fed at each meal, or forty-five fed daily. From fifteen to twenty men sleep there each night, and Adj't. Barr says he could use a dozen or more additional bunks to very good advantage. At the rate charged a man's bed and board costs him \$12.25 per week, and what he can earn over and above that amount by sawing wood is paid him in cash.

The greatest difficulty which Adj't. Barr has to face at present is the one of finding a market for his wood, the city being apparently overstocked at the present time. The Army owns its own team, and will deliver either sawed or long wood to any part of the city at the prevailing market prices for fuel.

The Army has now on the bench upwards of 300 cords, and several hundred more in reserve to bring in when needed.

The Shelter, where the boarders are fed and housed, is as neat and clean as any hotel in the city, while the kitchen will compare favorably with that of the most fastidious housewife in the land.

As is always the case where there is a branch of the Army, a grand Christmas dinner will be served, for which preparations are already under way. The letter from Adj't. Barr to citizens is self-explanatory, and will appeal to the sentiment of all who stop to consider the good work which is now being carried on in Dawson by these self-sacrificing, never-tiring people.

Does a man sleep the better who has four-and-twenty hours to do in?

If thou know'st not grief and care, it is because thou know'st not love, wherefore they are the companions.

### Our Locals.

Sgt. Sergt. Wm. Matthews,

Sgt. Matthews is an English birth. He lived in the County of Wicksshire until the age of 16.



Sgt. Matthews, Ottaw

when an evangelist visited and held ten meetings. One of those services the Sgt. himself: "Although only the Spirit of God spoke to my soul. One day, when the evangelist invited me to be saved, I felt ought to be saved, but I put off. The evangelist went away. The Spirit of God never left me. A terrible dream of the Judge in which I found myself alone before God. For months the Spirit of God was with me, then an evangelist visited our village, and there I saw the Saviour and God spoke to me, and I arose from my bed, and I returned home with new-found joy. A month's conversion of my chum, who to-day is a soldier of the Cross. I served four years until I secured away from home. Having influence about me, I drifted God, and after a time in the Fall of 1898, I came to walking in the way of the lost. Watch-night 1898 the Watch-night service at Army barracks. I came and renewed my vows, grace, I mean to keep, as a soldier on the 8th Adj't. Hendricks, and I have kept my sight. I that the Army is the place I want to be. I now of Sergeant, to the best of my ability the help of God, to be Salvation Army. I might say that the Army has friends in every class of society here we have a bright

PALMERSON.—Tre is a Local Officer that



Jesus and His love. He has a very nice farm, on the work of God. Nothing seems too hard for the cause to which he has been dedicated. He has been stationed many around him, and he will not very soon forget his faithfulness. May he to the end.—W. Orde

treatment—indeed, they are often killed by it, because their few young, tender roots are not able to appropriate the nutriment contained in a large amount of earth, and, as a natural consequence, the tender plants are exterminated. They cannot digest all the food forced upon them, and vegetable dyspepsia results. Use small pots for small plants, and shift, from time to time, to larger sizes as the old pots are filled with roots."

## FEED THE HUNGRY

is a Divine Injunction Heeded by the Salvation Army.

Average of 45 Meals Served Daily—Paid for by Sawing Wood at Prevailing Prices.

(From the Dawson Nugget.)

"What is the show for getting a supper and a place to sleep?"

"Very good, sir, very good."

The first speaker was a Nugget reporter, and the second was Adj't. Barr, of the Salvation Army, the time being last night and the place the dining-room of that institution, which is located near Mission Street.

Continuing, the reporter, who represented himself as being hungry, went, and generally on the decline, inquired of what terms the entertainment could be had, to which the Adj't. Barr replied:

"We will give you a supper and a comfortable place to sleep, and a breakfast in the morning, when you will owe us \$1.25, which is 50 cents each for the meals and 25 cents for the bed. After breakfast you will be expected to go down on the beach to our woodpile and saw enough wood to pay for what you have had. We allow \$6 per cord for sawing 16-inch wood, and \$8 per cord when it is sawed at 12-inch lengths."

"In case I board with you for several days, what kind of grub may I expect?" asked the man who couldn't save a cord of wood between now and St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

"Well, sir," replied the Adj't. Barr, "we will give you three square meals every day consisting of bread, soup, meat, potatoes (sometimes chechako and sometimes evaporated), pie or preserves, tea or coffee, butter, etc. The bed you will occupy will be very comfortable, we suppose."

Seeing that he was in a fair way to fit his name in the pot for supper if he kept on, the reporter then explained to the Adj't. Barr his business, and from him received some interesting information relative to the great work which the Army is accomplishing in this city.

An average of fifteen men are fed at each meal, or forty-five fed daily. From eight to twenty men sleep there each night, and Adj't. Barr says he could use a dozen or more additional bunks to good advantage. At the rates charged a man's bed and board costs him but \$12.25 per week, and what he is saving well may paid him in cash.

The greatest difficulty which Adj't. Barr has to face at present is the one of finding a market for his wood, the Army being apparently overstocked at the present time. The Army owns its own sawmill, and will deliver either sawed or unsawed wood to any part of the city at the prevailing market prices for fuel.

The Army has now on the beach upwards of 100 cords, and several hundred more in reserve to bring in when needed.

The Shelter, where the boarders are housed, is as neat and clean as hotel in the city, while the kitchen compares favorably with that of the most fastidious housewife in the land. It is always the case where there is a branch of the Army, a grand Christmas dinner will be served, for which donations are already under way, letters from Adj't. Barr to citizens are explanatory, and will appeal to the interest of all who stop to consider the work which is now being carried on Dawson by these self-sacrificing, self-sacrificing people.

as a man sleep the better who has and twenty hours to do in?

you know not grief and care, it because thou knowst not love, nor they are the companions.

## Our Locals.

Floor-Sergt. Wm. Mathews, Ottawa.

Sergt. Mathews is an Englishman by birth. He lived in the County of Warwickshire until the age of 12 years.



Sergt. Mathews, Ottawa. 8

when an evangelist visited his village and held tent meetings. Of the influence of those services the Sergeant says himself: "Although only twelve years old the Spirit of God spoke mightily to my soul. One day, when the evangelist gave the invitation for sinners to stand up to be prayed for, I felt as though I ought to be saved, but I put the matter off. The evangelist went away, but the Spirit of God never left me. I dreamed terrible dreams of the Judgment Day, in the which I found myself standing alone before God. For about twenty months the Spirit of God strove with me, as an evangelist visited a neighboring village, and there I sought the Saviour and God spoke peace to my soul, and I arose from my knees a saved lad. I returned home happy in my new-found joy. A month after my conversion the Lord gave me the soul of my chum, who to-day is a faithful soldier of the Cross. I served God for four years until I secured a situation away from home. Having no Christian influence about me, I drifted away from God, and after a time into sin. In the Fall of 1888, I came to Canada, still walking in the way of the backslender; but last Watch-night (1889) I attended the Watch-night service at the Salvation Army barracks. I came back to Christ and renewed my vows, which, by His grace, I mean to keep. I was enrolled as a soldier on the 8th of March, by Adj't. Hendricks, and praise God! He has given me light. I firmly believe that the Army is the place where God wants me, and he now holds the position of Sergeant, which I trust to all the best of my ability. I want, by the help of God, to be a credit to the Salvation Army. I might just mention that the Army has friends and soldiers in every class of society, and I believe here we have a bright future before us.

PALMERSTON.—Treas. Scott Cowan is a Local Officer that you can depend upon. He has been a loyal Salvationist for over 16 years, and although he lives about five miles in the country, yet it is at all possible to come into town, you will see him in the open air telling the story of Jesus and His love.

The Lord has prospered him in this world's goods; he has a very nice farm and uses it to help on the work of God with his money. Nothing seems too hard for him to do for the cause to which he belongs. He has been a great blessing and help to many around him, and many officers who have been stationed at Palmerston will not very soon forget the Treasurer's faithfulness. May he be kept steadfast to the end.—W. Orchard, D. O.



Jesus and His love. The Lord has prospered him in this world's goods; he has a very nice farm and uses it to help on the work of God with his money. Nothing seems too hard for him to do for the cause to which he belongs. He has been a great blessing and help to many around him, and many officers who have been stationed at Palmerston will not very soon forget the Treasurer's faithfulness. May he be kept steadfast to the end.—W. Orchard, D. O.

## Mike in Penitentiary.

Well, Mr. Editor, that was kind of ye to put in all that long piece I sent ye a while ago, but then ye Arme popel are full of the timber that always encourages a poor man in tryin to do a little good.

I'm movin still, an' things keep happenin in fur tu rite about, so that it seems as tho I wud never stop. I seed by yer paper that Mt. White is gone out. Well, it's myself that's sorry, for Mr. White are the go to be good friends in Toronto. Come, tell ye a little joke about Mr. White, but wudn't hurt his feelings so I won't tell him about it.

Well, since leave Toronto I've been movin a good deal, but ye'll not be thinkin I dan anything bad when I tell ye I've been in penitentiary, fur

the boy preener rambled into his subject to sin in the hearts of his hearers, an' dat it sure pretty heavy blows. Me harte was all warmed up, an' I fel to be sold the preacher and his kindly

"No Sentence was Only Thirty Minutes," an' they wudn't let me go back fur three months in hame. Well, explainin meself more clearly, I say I wudn't sell Mr. Kendall an' sum other Salvationists. It made me harie sorry to see the hundreds of dese men, men who God loved as much as anybody else, but who wudn't an' ruined by the devil. Well, they gin Mike ten minutes to speak; it was the chans or a lif-tim. Mr. Editor, I'd rather have ten minutes in speakin in them men than a mity pile or hash. As the poet has said:

"I love to tell the story  
Of Jesus and His love."

An the dene men listened meself they wudn't allow a treat, as we talked an' the sistren plain an' sung sum or yer beautiful Salvationist songs.

It's a pity yer Arme can't go oftener in the penitentiary, but the government won't allow it, an' you can't blame them; it's their own men's own fault for doin the devil's work an' so gettin into the pen. Sum talk in allways blamin the government for this misfortune, but I've alwas noticed if a man has the right government in his own harte he kin get along all rite. My nabor, Tom Jones, end allways grow good potatoes whether the Kuksuritatives or the Liberals was in power, an' on all kum by

Eokin' His Own Patch

instead or sittin in the saloon abusin the government. But sure, I'm not electhshneen.

Well, I moved on down to Montreal, an went to see Mr. Williams at the old kore on Alexander St. Xe shud see Mr. Williams leudia a testimony meetin. Ben riz a Presbyterian myself, I'm quiet like, but I enjoy a lively time just the same. Mr. Williams is in the work in a strikin manner, an' he hits like a workin man, takin off his kote au

Rollin' Up His Sleeves.

he goes at it until he sweats. He is a stone-mason to trade, an' a salvation builder by the wa he akts now, an' sure he's layin some fine stones in the old kore so far that Mike needs his Bible an' Mr. Williams' shamus makes me think or what the grate Apostle said about "Ivlin stoned bein blit up in spirit house." Mr. Williams is blithin up a spiritual house wif some fine stones. There is my old friend, Mr. Mulkey, who was livin in sin, ussin an swillin an drinkin; but Mr. Williams, wif his mason's hammer or Gospel truth, has hit him,

An' "Rocked Off the Buff Korners" an got him to seek the dear Lord, an now he is a lively stone in the Lord's house, pitchin in an workin, an helping all he can. Sure it's more on these lively stones the dear Lord wants, who will du sumthin fur His Kingdom. The world seems more ful of du-nothin saints these da.

Well, main that the boy preener was in town, I made up my mind to have him, tho it wudn't onusal fur Mike to make one meeting in yer Arme, but it isn't any harm to visit yer nabor wirst in a while. I've no use for pered who sit in their nabor's houses all the time, an neglect their own work for the dear Lord. If me nabor kno teach me how to hoo me own garden better, I'm not above learnin even from a boy. I'll go and see what the boy is like, sez I. "Oh, take me," sez a little girl. "An me," sez a boy.

"I will," sez I, an in kompany wid the dene men went tu the church.

I went to hear a boy, an that is just what I heard, an' how callin straight komman sermons in the power of the Spirit on the dear Lord. Sun pezel so he rambles from his subject. I never kno before that it was evan harm for a boy to ramble. I thot it was boy-nature, an the Lord made boys that nature. I think the harm or ramblin depends a good deal on where a boy rambles in; an if this boy rambl in all it was amongst good straight truths from the good Book. His ramblin made me think on a story I had red ov a mother who was talkin tu her boy about the evils ov sin. At last her remarks became pretty personal. The boy kulered up, an sez, "Mother, don't ye think ye've wondered a good deal from the subject?" The boy preener rambled into his subject to sin in the hearts of his hearers, an' dat it sure pretty heavy blows. Me harte was all warmed up, an' I fel to be sold the preacher and his kindly

"No Sentence was Only Thirty Minutes," an' they wudn't let me go back fur three months in hame. Well, explainin meself more clearly, I say I wudn't sell Mr. Kendall an' sum other Salvationists. It made me harie sorry to see the hundreds of dese men, men who God loved as much as anybody else, but who wudn't an' ruined by the devil. Well, they gin Mike ten minutes to speak; it was the chans or a lif-tim. Mr. Editor, I'd rather have ten minutes in speakin in them men than a mity pile or hash. As the poet has said:

"I will," sez I, an in kompany wid the dene men went tu the church.

I went to hear a boy, an that is just what I heard, an' how callin straight komman sermons in the power of the Spirit on the dear Lord. Sun pezel so he rambles from his subject. I never kno before that it was evan harm for a boy to ramble. I thot it was boy-nature, an the Lord made boys that nature. I think the harm or ramblin depends a good deal on where a boy rambles in; an if this boy rambl in all it was amongst good straight truths from the good Book. His ramblin made me think on a story I had red ov a mother who was talkin tu her boy about the evils ov sin. At last her remarks became pretty personal. The boy kulered up, an sez, "Mother, don't ye think ye've wondered a good deal from the subject?" The boy preener rambled into his subject to sin in the hearts of his hearers, an' dat it sure pretty heavy blows. Me harte was all warmed up, an' I fel to be sold the preacher and his kindly

"No Sentence was Only Thirty Minutes," an' they wudn't let me go back fur three months in hame. Well, explainin meself more clearly, I say I wudn't sell Mr. Kendall an' sum other Salvationists. It made me harie sorry to see the hundreds of dese men, men who God loved as much as anybody else, but who wudn't an' ruined by the devil. Well, they gin Mike ten minutes to speak; it was the chans or a lif-tim. Mr. Editor, I'd rather have ten minutes in speakin in them men than a mity pile or hash. As the poet has said:

"I will," sez I, an in kompany wid the dene men went tu the church.

It was our privilege to spend Christmas in the camp, and "Merry Christmas" it was. A kind friend did not forgo to send along a present. During Christmas Day two open-air and three inside meetings were held with good crowds. It would do you good to hear the testimony of one of our dear Indian comrades. In his broken language he says, "Me was not good, but Army came tell me be good. No bad at all any more."

On the last night we had with us quite a few soldiers from Lindsay, who drove over; among that number were many of the recent converts, who were full of fire. A musical meeting was held. The "critic's" song caught on all right. The duet by Sisters Lindsay, solo by Lieut. Bowe, and others, were well appreciated. "Happy" Jack was in evidence.

"Ho git it tu them straight from the backbone," sez he.

Mr. Editor, I was struck wid the remark. "These boys who is servin the Lord is no fools," sez I tu myself. "Gin the boys a chance," sez I, an I went on tu me home thru the bowlin storn, convinced that the Lord had called the lad, —Movin Mike.

## The Dynamic Quartette.

Two More Weeks at Lindsay Result in 48 Seniors and 5 Juniors for the S.A. and 26 for the Blessing—10 were Enrolled on the Spot—At Fenelon Falls 10

Scot Salvators,

The second and third weeks spent at Lindsay brought even greater blessings than the first. For some time the Locals and soldiers had been praying for a great onslaught on the enemy, hence the flood-tide of salvation that swept in upon the place. At the pentent form idols were cast away, and volumes and pipis exchanged for S. A. shields and S's.

So the revival has been rolling on, and God has poured on His spirit upon the meetings in a wonderful manner. The crowds have been excellent, havin the large hall nearly filled every night. In almost every meeting sinners have been converted by the power of the Word.

At the conclusion of our stay we had a musical meeting and enrolment. Capt. Cornish and Lieut. Ryan took their departure for Fenelon Falls, while Adj't. Newman and Capt. Trickey remained on a week longer.

Many good cases of conversion took place, and several started out to one or the other. In a holiness meeting one sister who had left the hill was compelled by the Holy Spirit to return and get right at the foot of the Cross. In the Junior meeting some of the children came and gave their young hearts to God.

A second enrolment was conducted by the Adj't. and out of the 25 who promised to become soldiers, altogether 16 took their stand and were enrolled under the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

On Sunday Lieut. Bone farewelled for a short furlough. At the close of the last meeting we joined hands and sang together. "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

In looking back over the days spent at Lindsay, we count nearly twenty-five hundred people who attended the meetings, giving almost \$50 collection. 54 souls was the total for salvation, and 24 came out for sanctification. Some

Candidates and Corps-Gaads will be secured out of that number.

Leaving Lindsay, we journey on to Fenlon Falls, where a hot dinner is provided at the quarters. Capt. and Mrs. Howell having just farewelled, there were no officers, but the soldiers were full of fight and went in to do their part in making the visit a success it was.

It was our privilege to spend Christmas in the camp, and "Merry Christmas" it was. A kind friend did not forgo to send along a present. During Christmas Day two open-air and three inside meetings were held with good crowds. It would do you good to hear the testimony of one of our dear Indian comrades. In his broken language he says, "Me was not good, but Army came tell me be good. No bad at all any more."

On the last night we had with us quite a few soldiers from Lindsay, who drove over; among that number were many of the recent converts, who were full of fire. A musical meeting was held. The "critic's" song caught on all right. The duet by Sisters Lindsay, solo by Lieut. Bowe, and others, were well appreciated. "Happy" Jack was in evidence.

A letter was read to Adj't. Newman and a Christmas gift was presented to him by the other members of the quarters, as a token of their esteem. He replied, expressing thanks. The Adj't. read from God's word.

The inner man was replenished by refreshments being passed around; then we went for a "Half-Night of Prayer." A large crowd stayed, and God's Spirit was poured upon their hearts. Some yielded to His pleading, and we all rejoiced together for the blessings received. At an early hour we retired to rest, feeling happy over the nine days' victories, during which ten souls had come out for salvation. We stayed off at Lindsay for another night, on our way to Orillia.—N. R. T.



5 Parents, Relations and Friends:

RUDGE, SARAH. Age 29, fair complexion, dark eyes. Last heard of 13 years ago at Brass Street, New Town, Ross, England. Friends in B. C. enquire.

HUSKINELL, JOHN H. Age 50, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in. Formally of Pictou, N.S. Has been missing 14 years. Lived at Winterton, U.S.A., for seven years. Not been heard of since. Friends enquire.

Second insertion.

COHEN, WM. Age 25, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair. He is very stout and has a bear on his forehead. Mother very anxious.

MATCHETT, ROBERT. Missing 11 years. Age 32, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, dark complexion. Trade, coach painter. Last known address Paisley, Ont.

SMITH, G. W. Missing 11 years. Blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard of at Helena, Mont. Father most anxious to hear.

TEMPLE, LI. Age 43. Born in the United States. Dark hair and complexion, and blue eyes. Barber by trade. Left Seattle for Alaska three years ago last August. May be at the Pacific Coast. Last heard of at Lake Lindeman. Friends enquire.

BELL, ANTHONY. Age 12 years. Left Montreal Tuesday last. Not been seen since. One foot frozen. Had one large boot and small one. Father in Sudbury exceedingly anxious.



**The East Maintains the Lead—Arab at the Head of the Ontario Provinces—The North-West Showing Well, but the Pacific is Missing this Week—Kitchener the Champion Still.**

The East is getting on a goit in keeping with her standing otherwise, and we are glad that there is such a marked improvement which we trust will be maintained in future.

Arab seems to take unkindly to the Eastern advances, and has somewhat dropped, but still is ahead of the Ontario Provinces. I should not be surprised to learn that he is just getting his wind for the home-stretch, when he will endeavor to crowd the Eastern Stars. Of course, this is only a surmise, not a prophecy.

For a change, the Pacific list is missing this week, while the North-West shows up very well indeed.

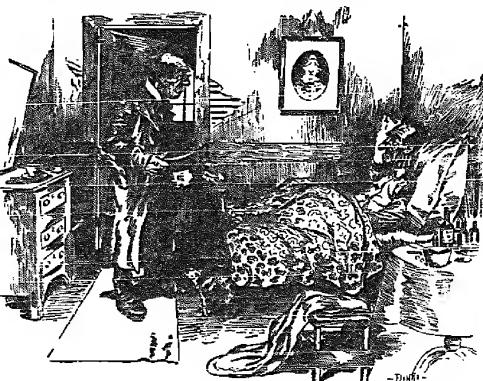
The individual championship is held by Lieut. Kitchener (238), Lieut. Crawford is only five behind her, and may yet snatch the laurels from her brow. Capt. Martin, of the East, is third with 192.

May the new century see a mighty boom of the War Cry, but please don't wait until it closes, but do your share of the boom to-day!

#### EASTERN PROVINCE

Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	192
Mrs. Adj. Frazer, Halifax I.	165
Ensign Parsons, Glace Bay	153
P. S. McQueen, Moncton	145
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	120
Sergt. Veinot, Halifax II.	121
Capt. J. Clark, Charlton	118
Noah Flood, Hamilton	100
Cader Weakley, Sydney	100
Lieut. Taylor, Amherst	100
Mrs. Santus, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Courad, Halifax I.	100
Adj. Jennings, Windsor	100
Cader Vandine, Yarmouth	92
Ensign Knight, Westville	92
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newcastle	90
Lieut. Redman, Chatham	85
L. Newell, Yarmouth	85
Capt. Allan, St. John II.	84
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	84
Capt. Ryan, Truro	81
Lieut. Lewis, Truro	81
Cader March, New Glasgow	80
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	79
Lieut. White, Sutte	70
Lieut. Tatem, St. John V.	63
A. Goodwin, Annapolis	60
R. Reid, St. John I.	63
Capt. Forster, Canning	55
Mary Myles, Kentville	54
E. Romeo, Bridgetown	50
Lieut. McLean, Liverpool	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Adj. Frazer, Halifax I.	50
Adj. Dowell, New Glasgow	50
Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	50
Sister Adams, St. John V.	50
Capt. Lawrence, Pictou	50
Sergt. Peckford, St. Georges	50
Lieut. Morehouse, St. George's	50
Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's	45
Adj. Wiggin, Fredericton	45
Sergt. Selig, Halifax I.	45
Capt. Bradbury, Halifax II.	45
Capt. Leadley, Sydney Mines	45
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Digby	45
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. Kelley, St. George's	37
Capt. Bell, Somersett	37
Cader Reeves, Sydney	36
Lieut. Smith, Fairville	35
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. Ebsary, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. Pemberton, Bridgewater	34
Capt. G. Thompson, N. Sydney	33
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	33
Adj. McNamara, St. John I.	33
Lieut. Frazer, Hampton	30
L. McFadden, Fredericton	30

P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	35
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	25
Sergt. McDowell, Dartmouth	25
S. Holden, Windsor	25
Capt. McEachern, Chatham	25
Mrs. Allan, St. John II.	25
Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham	25
See. Ellis, Charlottetown	25
Capt. Armstrong, Lunenburg	25
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	24
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	24
Cader-Cadet McLennan, St. John I.	24
Mrs. Sherwood, St. John I.	22
Sister Moore, Charlottetown	22
Capt. Green, Bridgetown	21
Capt. Anderson, Clark's Harbor	20
Capt. Trafton, Summerside	20
Lieut. McIvor, Summerside	20
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	20
Capt. Kirk, Fairville	20
Bro. Murray, Sydney	20
Capt. Green, Sackville	20
Lieut. McLeaman, Sackville	20
M. Sparks, New Glasgow	20
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	20
A. Munro, Glace Bay	20
B. Lorrie, Yarmouth	20
A. Thompson, Moncton	20
Capt. Doyle, Moncton	20
Cader-Munro, Freeport	20
Capt. Perry, North Head	20
Cader-Munro, North Head	20
P. S. M. Smith, North Head	20
Adj. Byers, St. John III.	20
Capt. Tatem, St. John III.	20
Capt. Broadbent, Southampton	20
Nutting, Stellarton	20
Capt. Bowring, Campbellton	20
Capt. Hatt, Bear River	20
Lieut. Chandler, Bear River	20
Ensign Sloane, St. Thomas	50
Capt. Fife, Wingham	50
Lieut. Stickells, Wingham	50
Adit. Wakefield, London	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Mrs. Glover, Dresden	50
Lieut. Fenney, Palmerston	50
Lieut. Yeomans, Berlin	50
Capt. Coy, Seaford	50
Capt. Ringer, Listowel	50
Cader-Lieut. Yeomans, Listowel	50
Capt. Jordonson, Hespeler	50
Capt. Gibson, Norwich	50
Lieut. Pickle, Norwell	50
Sarah Wakefield, Forest	50
Lieut. Greenwood, Tilsonburg	50
Capt. White, Clinton	50
Cader-Lieut. Allen, Ingersoll	50
Ensign Howcroft, Ridgeway	50
Mrs. Broadbent, Kingsville	50
Mother Cutting, Essex	50
Adj. McHarg, Petrolia	50
Capt. McCutcheon, Ingersoll	50
Capt. Mathers, Buelheim	50
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	50
Capt. Hancock, Peterborough	50
S. M. Martin, St. Thomas	50
P. S. M. Deuring, Hespeler	50
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	50
Capt. Brooks, Thedford	50
Mrs. Harris, London	50
Rose Elliot, Dresden	50
Cader-Lieut. Martin, Chatham	50
Capt. Harman, Bothwell	50
Bud Dresinger, Hespeler	50
Capt. Beach, Bayfield	50
Bud Elliot, Sarnia	50
Cader-Lieut. Craft, Guelph	50
J. S. Tross, Melfroy, St. Thomas	50
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	50
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	50
Sister Goffon, Temple	50
Ensign C. Brant, Cheshire	50
Capt. Haskinson, Newmarket	50
Lieut. Patterson, Newmarket	50
Ensign Lott, Melford	47
Lieut. Meader, St. John Falls	47
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	47
S. M. Gill, Yonville	42
Capt. MacCann, Hamilton I.	40
Cader-Lieut. Jago, Hamilton	40
Capt. Jordonson, Riverside	40
Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood	40
Sister Bowman, Temple	40
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	40
Capt. Liston, Toronto I.	37
Bud Dixon, Temple	30
Mrs. Adit. Baile, Bracebridge	30
Capt. A. Sherwin, Lindsay	35
Lieut. Bone, Lindsay	35
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	35
Capt. Darrach, North Bay	33
Adj. Goodwin, Hamilton II.	32
Lion. Price, North Bay	32
Ensign McDonald, Dovercourt	30
Capt. Rennie, Dundas	27
Capt. Stephen, Aurora	27
Capt. Lillard, Aurora	27
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	26
Cader-Cadet McKearyney, Riverside	25
Adj. Walker, Riverside	25
Lieut. Christopher, Gravenhurst	25
Capt. Culbert, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. Lamb, Omemee	25
Bro. Gurrell, Bracebridge	25
Sergt. Major Boyer, Bracebridge	25
Lieut. Minnis, Uxbridge	25
Lieut. Marske, Little Current	25
Capt. Wadie, Little Current	25
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	24
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	24
Adj. Cameron, Temple	24
Cader-Lieut. Wilson, Dundas	23
P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	23
Capt. Rose, Uxbridge	23
Capt. Clink, Huntsville	23
Capt. LeCocq, Temple	21
Mrs. Capt. Lision, Toronto I.	21
P. S. M. Southwell, Toronto I.	20
Sergt. Calvert, Bracebridge	20
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	20
John Halces, Orangeville	20
Bro. Carpenter, Orangeville	20
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	20
Sergt. Shay, Huntsville	20
Capt. Howcroft, Collingwood	20
Bro. Goldard, Norland	20
Capt. Capper, Kinnon	20
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	20
Mother Curry, Hamilton	20
Sister Mense, Fenlon Falls	20



Dr. Boomer: "The reason, Sergt. Grumbler, you are down ill is because you have worried too much about the Captain's and the Editor's business, and have done too little hustling yourself. My advice is, take plenty of exercise, and there is nothing better than selling War Crys to make you step around in cold weather."

Ensign Larder, Hamilton	26	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	22
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	20	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Winchester, Eastport	20	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Lieut. Murchough, Eastport	20	Capt. Coc, Goderich	20
Lieut. McWilliams, Kentville	20	Ensign Hollman, Berlin	20
Capt. Plant, Wainfleet	20	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Ensign Scott, Stratford	20	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	20	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
J. S. M. Hockin, St. Thomas	20	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Sergt. Bursey, St. Thomas	20	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Corporal Dickson, St. Thomas	20	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Stanley Gammon, Chatham	20	Capt. Coc, Goderich	20
Lieut. Knuckle, Woodstock	20	Ensign Hollman, Berlin	20
Capt. Branigan, Leamington	20	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Mrs. Whalen, Windsor	20	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	20	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Adj. Blackburn, Sarnia	20	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	98	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Ensign Hollett, Galt	85	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	77	Capt. Coc, Goderich	20
S. M. McDowell, Goderich	76	Ensign Hollman, Berlin	20
Mrs. Capt. Co, Scarforth	71	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Lieut. Maizer, Essex	70	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Howord, Windsor	70	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
P. S. M. Benn, Petrolia	68	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	68	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Hains, Midland	67	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Sister Gibert, Temple	65	Capt. Coc, Goderich	20
Capt. Carter, Galt	65	Ensign Hollman, Berlin	20
Capt. Hains, Essex	65	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Howord, Windsor	60	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	60	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	58	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	56	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	55	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	55	Capt. Dowell, Stratford	20
Capt. McNamee, Ligar St.	53	Sergt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	50	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	50	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	50	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	48	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	48	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	48	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	48	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	48	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	48	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	42	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	42	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	40	Mrs. McDonald, Dayton	21
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Capt. Copeman, Paris	20
Capt. Stewart, Ligar St.	40	Lieut. Plant, Wainfleet	20
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40	Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	40	Sergt. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40	Adj. McGillivray, Bradford	21





# SONGS OF THE WEEK



## Holiness.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (B.J. 50); Madrid (B.J. 170); Stella (B.J. 25). Give me the faith that Jesus had, The faith that can great mountains move, That makes the mournful spirit glad, The saving faith that works by love; The faith for which the saints have striven; The faith that pulls the fire from heaven.

Give me the faith that gets the power, That stubborn devils cannot turn, That lion-teeth cannot devour, That furnace-fires can never burn; That never fears the tyrant's frown, That wins and wears the martyr's crown.

Give me the faith that lives to trust, That in the child-like spirit dwells; That buries self and slanders lust; That keeps out all that Christ expels; That gives no quarter to the foe; That sternly says, "You'll have to go!"

## Lord, Baptize Us Now.

Tune.—Glory to His name (B.B. 38). We seek the blessing that comes from Thee, Make us the people we ought to be, Save us from self and set us free, Lord, baptize us now!

### Chorus.

Lord, baptize us now! Lord, baptize us now! With love and power to do and dare, Lord, baptize us now!

May selfish nims be ever slain, Let not one stain on our hearts remain, Open the windows of heaven again, Lord, baptize us now!

Our hearts grow cold in the daily strife, The cares of the world dim the spirit-life, Thy grace alone can the soul revive, Lord, baptize us now!

To know the smile of the Saviour's face, To live each day in the secret place, To rest at last in Thy sweet embrace, Lord, baptize us now!

W. Ritchie, Tilsonburg, Ont.

## The Penitent's Hope.

Tune.—Sandon; or, Lead kindly light (B.J. 300).

3 Lord, if it's true that Thou art full of love, Why need I fear? If Thy compassion brought Thee from above, Why need I fear? To Thee I bring my guilty, wounded soul, Thou hast the power to speak me fully whole.

And if it's true that none are turned away, Why need I fear? Though I am vile, and hell obstruct the way, Why need I fear? And though from Thee, for years, my soul has strayed, Thou hidest me come, I will not be afraid.

Lord, at Thy feet in confidence I pray. Why need I fear? Now, in Thy mercy, take my sins away. Why need I fear? My only plea, for me the Saviour died, I dare believe the blood is now applied. And now I'll go and spread the news abroad, Why need I fear? I'm saved and kept, by an almighty God, Why need I fear? Lord, help me lead the deepest dyed to Thee, By telling them what Thou hast done for me.

Major Bangs.

## War and Experience.

Tune.—Canaan, bright Canaan (B.J. 50). 4 Oh, what has Jesus bought for me? A free and full salvation! He groaned and died upon the tree To give me full salvation. I'm happy now both night and day. Since I gained full salvation: No matter what the world may say, I'll tell of full salvation.

Chorus.

Salvation! Salvation!— A free and full salvation! My Saviour died upon the tree To give me full salvation.

For young and old, for rich and poor, A free and full salvation! For tempest there's no better cure Than a free and full salvation. It takes away the love of self— A free and full salvation! This better far than fame or wealth— A free and full salvation!

Oh, come and get your sins forgiven, And have a full salvation; You cannot hope to go to heaven Without a full salvation. We'll march, and sing, and tell the world, Or free and full salvation; And right beneath our flag unfurled, The flag of full salvation.

Tune.—Before I got salvation (B.J. 61).

5 Before I got salvation, I was sunk in degradation, And from my Saviour wandered far astray; But I came to Calvary's mountain, Where I fell into the Fountain, And from my heart the burden rolled away.

Chorus.

'Twas a happy day, and no mistake, When Jesus from my heart did take The load of sin which made it ache, And filled my soul with joy.

Since I have been converted, And the devil's ranks deserted,

## A Saviour's Love.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a wonderful love it must be; But did He come down from above Out of love and compassion for me?

CHORUS.

Yes, oh, yes, Out of love and compassion for me.

2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languished and agonized on the tree; That He languished and suffered for me?

3. They have told of a home on high, Which the children of men shall see; But is there a place in lowly earth made ready, as 'tis promised for me?

4. Lord, answer this question of mine; To whom will I go? to Thee? And say by Thy right hand, There's a Saviour, and heaven for me.

I've had such joy and gladness in my soul! For Jesus I've been fighting, And in the war delighting, And now I'm pressing on towards the goal.

If faithful to my Saviour, I shall enjoy His favor, And He will keep me safely to the end; And when I cross the river, I'll live with Him for ever, And one eternal day of glory spend.

## Salvation.

Tunes.—The Judgment Day (B.J. 65); Elicombe (B.J. 23).

6 God speaks to men, in various ways He seeks their hearts to gain; What patience daily He displays, Oft met by cold disdain.

Chorus.

Oh, voice of God, speak louder yet, The heedless soul arouse; Forgive home the truths it will forget, Till at the Cross it bows.

In hours of stillness oft we feel The weight of guilt and sin; 'Tis then God speaks—He would reveal The durance we are in.

In sorrows, too, His voice He sends, In hours of pain and woe; And why? The wanderer He befriends By coming to him so.

God speaks to warn, to woe, to guide The erring of our race; Oh, listen, sinner, don't deride The offers of His grace!

Major Slater.

## Come to the Cross.

Tune.—There is a happy land (B.J. 174).

7 Come, sinner, to the Cross, Come, come away! Come, count all else but dress, Come, come away! Jesus waits to set you free, From your sin and misery, To the Cross for refuge flee, Come, come away!

Chorus.

Jesus waits to set you free, From your sin and misery, To the Cross for refuge flee, Come, come away!

'Twas for you that Jesus died, Come, come away! On Calvary's Cross was crucified, Come, come away! Jesus longed to save you now, Come, and at His footstool low, Come, just now fulfill that vow, Come, come away!

Death is drawing very nigh, Come, come to-day! Time is earnest, passing by, Come, come to-day! Come before it is too late, Ere you're shut outside the gate, Then to hear that awful fate, Pass, pass away!

Jesus now is calling thee, Come, sinner, come! He will give you liberty, Come, sinner, come! Jesus calls aloud to thee, Come, oh, come and be set free, Then you'll have true liberty, Come, sinner, come!

David Angus, London.



17th Year, No. 16.

Scenes